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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1897.

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THE RUNAWAY PRINCESS DE CHIMAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ERDÉLYI, BUDAPEST.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

In Mr. Andrew Lang's fascinating book, "Pickle the Spy," there is a vivid sketch of Prince Charles Edward, which has roused the slumbering Jacobitism in my bosom. Charles had qualities which made him at one time the best of the whole Stuart bunch. He came to moral wreck, it is true, when he had wandered about Europe for years like a hunted animal, seeking some better refuge than Rome, where his father was wrapt in mystical commonplace, and where his brother was a gilded priest, and finding it in a fashionable Paris convent behind the skirts of ladies who fondled and lectured him by turns. It was scarcely the bottle that overcame him, nor the illicit devotion of Mistress Walkinshaw; he might have kept both within reasonable bounds if he had not led the life of a fugitive. In his time, and later, men rose to eminence who rarely went to bed sober, and whose amorous adventures left scandal out of breath. I wonder how many of these monuments of wisdom would have withstood the ordeal of Charles Edward, chivied from one State to another, dogged like an escaped convict, and baffling the Foreign Offices of Europe by hiding himself behind convent walls, where his only walk led him to the chamber of a lady who scolded him incessantly, and sometimes threw portable articles at his head!

In tracing the causes of the Young Pretender's decadence, Mr. Lang, I notice, gravely instances the Prince's indifference to theology. With such a father and such a brother, it is not surprising that a man of original intelligence should conceive disgust for the drum ecclesiastical and all the drummers. In this Charles Edward showed an instinct of the modern spirit—remarkable in a dynasty which had been pretty well strangled by the apron-strings of Mother Church. He had in him some of the stuff which made Henri Quatre say that Paris was worth a mass; and when he entered the Anglican communion he may have had the idea that England was worth more than the infallibility of Rome. But he could not conceal his impatience with the spiritual pastors and masters who invent dogmas in order to wrangle about them. In this he was as much ahead of his family as he was ahead of the ethics of his time when he refused to countenance assassination. If any man deserved to be murdered, it was Butcher Cumberland, who owed his life to Charles Edward's refusal to sanction the reprisals of savages even upon a savage. Here, then, you have a character which, for chivalry, humanity, and enlightened intellect, puts to shame the four Georges and the fourth William. If Charles Edward had regained the throne for the Stuarts, he would have been a Protestant sovereign with even more aptitude for religious toleration than William of Orange, and no taste for Glencoe massacres. As for his morals—well, Mistress Walkinshaw was no worse than the fat German favourites of George II., and the Fitzherberts and Clarkes of George IV. and his successor.

I hope nobody will denounce this academic Jacobitism of mine as treason. It is merely a hint to more fervent Jacobites than myself that they ought to shift the centre of their historical devotion from Charles I. to his unfortunate great-grandson. The Blessed Martyr was a worthy man in a household, but a dreadful bungler in statecraft, and a sad old bore with his divine right and his queer, distorted conscience. He had one flash of genius, when he saw that, by striking off his head, the Parliament would ensure the eventual triumph of the Crown. Apart from that, he is merely a gloomy effigy. Charles Edward, on the contrary, is so near our own generation in his dominant ideas, so picturesque, despite the bottle and the most uninteresting Walkinshaw (heavens! what a name for a royal sultana!), so actual in his modernity, that he seems to be still "over the water" of the ballad and not across the impassable Styx. I would suggest to the White Rose Society that they should agitate for the erection of a statue of the Young Pretender by private subscription, and lay their garlands at its base instead of offering them to the impassive majesty of Charles I. at Charing Cross. This ceremony, with a Jacobite ballad concert twice a year, and some judicious lectures on the Stuarts and the modern spirit, a combination quite new to the public, might make academic Jacobitism a good deal more intelligible and popular than, let us say, bimetalism or theosophy.

Do you remember the actor in "The Critic" who horrifies Mr. Puff at rehearsal by speaking his lines, stage directions and all, as thus: "Oh my (behind the scenes)"? I uttered this expressive exclamation

when I read a very solemn homily in a weekly journal, not addicted to solemnity, on the wickedness of publishing theatrical reminiscences with the real names of noblemen and gentlemen who used to rove "behind the scenes" in their youth. This indiscreet revelation has been made by a lively lady, once a star of opera-bouffe; and the solemn censor lifts up his hands in horror when he finds the styles and dignities of men who are famous in the service of the State set out in these saucy pages. Just think of it; there are actually members of the House of Lords in this inopportune list, not dead and gone, but real live dukes and earls, and what not! We are asked to believe that their relatives and friends will be dreadfully upset by this publication of their theatrical adventures, to say nothing of their own shame and confusion. Here is a well-known peer, who is said to have been very adroit in opening oysters and carving cold beef at the little suppers in that merry Bohemia "behind the scenes." Does he blush to find this fame? Does he think with romantic regret of those oysters and that beef, and their congenial condiments? There was Amaryllis, pearl of the chorus. To open oysters for her was an office meet for kings! Why should he be ashamed because the honour bestowed on him is proclaimed to the world after all these years?

You cannot expect the personal history "behind the scenes" of opera-bouffe to remain unwritten. Why should these graces be hid? Theatrical oysters and cold beef, with illustrious openers and carvers, will have their share of our social annals; and, in spite of the homilist in *Truth*, they will not spread alarm nor even embarrassment in ermined circles. I do not anticipate that the youthful nobleman, emulous of a reputation with the carving-knife, will demean himself to incognito when he flourishes that genial implement. When he is cutting airy slices for Amaryllis, he will not pause and exclaim, "Oh my (behind the scenes), promise me that you will never publish this in your reminiscences!" Such literature may be a sort of granary of the wild oats which the sowers have forgotten; but why should the Minister on the Treasury Bench or the Judge in his Court hang a disconcerted head when these early experiments in agriculture are thus disclosed? The Opposition will not make party capital out of the incident; nor will the prisoner at the bar damage the judicial authority by asking whether law and justice are cultivated on a little wild oatmeal.

Some remarks in this page on orthography have brought me a letter from a member of the Spelling League, Mr. Edward Jones, who invites me to help the movement against the present despotism of our written language. As the movement proposes to land us in phonetic spelling, I do not think it has much chance of success. Mr. Jones and his friends appear to think that the transition from one system to another would be comparatively easy, because "children must read the current spelling in books and newspapers." This would impose on the unfortunate youngsters the duty of reading English in two forms, scarcely the way to simplify education! The head of an average Board school child is apt to buzz as it is; imagine the muddle of the poor infant between phonetic spelling and the existing orthography! What Education Minister, before initiating such a forlorn experiment as that, is going to ask the Spelling League to train a sufficient body of teachers to spread the phonetic system through the elementary schools? Mr. Jones cites Benjamin Franklin on the ease with which the difficulties—he calls it "dificultiz"—can be overcome; but the learned Benjamin had not the slightest conception even of the preliminary obstacles.

I have received a letter from Boston, Massachusetts, signed "Hotel Clerk." The writer takes me severely to task for some playful observations on the manners and customs of hotel-clerks in America. "The clerk of a hotel, being an employé, is generally obliged to observe a list of rules and regulations for treatment of guests, and any deviation from these orders, no matter if the occasion calls for an exception to rules, brings him into conflict with the proprietor, who is frequently an uneducated graduate of the kitchen department, and entirely unqualified to deal with gentlemen and ladies, or persons that assume to be such. The same people that attempt to bully the hotel-clerk will at the first opportunity lick the feet of the proprietor in order to get the long-suffering clerk into trouble." This graphic sketch of brotherly love in an American hotel is described by my correspondent as "a mild protest" against the "pre-historic popular impression" that the American hotel-clerk is a despot.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

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This sum has been guaranteed by the Vendor out of the purchase moneys.

An additional £20,000 will be reserved for working capital, and will be provided out of the first subscriptions to the capital of the Company.

The Company will thus be strengthened by the addition of £40,000 of fresh capital, and the Directors claim that this sum will place the Company in the forefront of the Tube Trade and enable it to compete most successfully with any other concern.

Orders for Tubing at remunerative prices have been received from the following Companies—

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Thomas Smyth and Sons, Limited.
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Alday and Onions Engineering Company, Ltd.
Raglan Cycle and Anti-Friction Balls Company, Limited.
Fulwell Cycle Company, Limited.
Tyne Cycle Manufacturing Syndicate, Limited.
B. F. Williams, Wolverhampton.

In addition to these Orders, The Cycle Components Manufacturing Company, Limited, have undertaken to take the whole of the balance of the output for the current season, after all orders received by the Company have been satisfied.

The Cycle Components Manufacturing Company, Limited, one of the largest consumers of Weldless Steel Tube, has also undertaken to purchase at remunerative prices to this Company its full requirements for the subsequent two years.

It will thus be seen that the Company starts under most favourable and exceptional circumstances. In addition to its already large clientèle, new and important markets are being exploited.

It is also contemplated to lay down plant for the drawing of Aluminium Tubes, for which there is an increasing demand. The Directors anticipate that the next development in Cycle and other light vehicle construction will be in this direction.

The works are situated alongside the works of The Cycle Components Manufacturing Company, Limited, at Bournbrook, within easy reach of the centre of the City of Birmingham. Important railway and canal communication adjoins the premises. The property comprises an area of about 9040 square yards, and is held under lease for twenty-one years from The Cycle Components Manufacturing Company, Limited, at an annual rental of £400, with the option of renewal or purchase on very favourable terms.

The business will be taken over as a going concern as from Sept. 1, 1893, and all profits accruing from that date will be long to the Company.

The purchase price has been fixed by the Vendor at £130,000, out of which he provides the £20,000 above mentioned for alteration and extension of the plant and machinery. The Vendor undertakes to accept payment of the purchase money in cash or shares at the option of the Directors, but he stipulates that he may subscribe for and require the Directors to allot to him at least a third of the capital.

The Company has been fortunate in securing the valuable services of Mr. Harvey Du Cros, Jun., who has undertaken to give every assistance in his power, and to at all times place the benefit of his experience at the disposal of the Directorate. The Vendor, fully recognising the importance of Mr. Du Cros, Jun., experience, has, at his own expense, entered into a contract with Mr. Du Cros, securing his services as above to the Company.

Mr. Charles Sangster, who has been so prominently connected with the economic and energetic management of The Cycle Components Manufacturing Company as Works Manager, is taking a seat on the Board. This promises a continuance of the same energetic supervision.

Copies of the Prospectus, with Forms of Application for Shares, can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from their Bankers, Brokers, or Solicitors.

Jan. 30, 1897.

"WAY DOWN EAST."

This is the title of a little book by Mr. J. R. Hutchinson, just issued by Messrs. Ward and Downey. It does not, however, relate to the road to Mandalay, where the dawn, as we are all aware, comes up like thunder out of China, and the Ten Commandments are apt to go down like china out in the thunder. Nor is it concerned with Mr. Morrison's Mean Streets. The eastward longitude is reckoned from "the Hub," otherwise Boston, and the country that is "down East" is no other than the Arcadian, or, at least, Acadian peninsula known as Nova Scotia. Mr. Hutchinson, as a born "Blue-nose," has studied the out-of-the-way rustic life of what Bret Harte's Professor would call "the Cyano-rhinal"; and the result is a collection of very simple and delightful studies of a simple and delightful people.

Not that the Nova Scotian is altogether pastoral and innocent. He seems a blend of Yankee and Scot, with a touch of the English provincial that marks him off from the emotional though hard-headed New Englander over the border. Instead of snatching a fearful joy by drinking himself drunk on prohibited liquor, as is done in Maine, he brings out the brown demijohns of Jamaica rum in the fearless old colonial fashion. Nor is he, as Mr. Hutchinson depicts him, a prey to the superrefined religious speculations and moral aspirations that possess those Saints of the Kailyard with whose virtues we are just now deluged—virtues that somehow do not seem to prevent Scottish villages from holding the record for immorality.

Religious, indeed, the Blue-nose is, but with a becoming moderation. Admirably true is the exposition of the voluntary system of church organisation among the Acadians, "Take what yo' kin git, 'n' when yo' can't git nuthin', git along 'ith yo'." Vivid, also, is the picture of the "converted Roman Catholic priest," Father O'Grady, who collected all the oats of the district to build a meeting-house, and then converted them also—to his own use; and disappeared into the sunset.

Pathos jostles humour in these little, unpretending sketches. The narrator and his superior "Brother Tom" dam the brook above a camp-meeting, with disastrous results; Old Sandy, the drunken fiddler, scrapes acquaintance with us at every turn; but there are also stories of the quiet grief or love or hatred of quiet people, whose emotions are the deeper for not finding articulate utterance. The tale of the Ghost on Skates that lures a follower into the black water round a hot spring has a touch of the real supernatural; and the story of two little children going out into the treacherous flats of Fundy Bay to meet their father's boat, and caught and drowned by the swift tide, has a quality of pathos denied to that Mary who has called the cattle home across the sands of our drawing-rooms for so many years.

A. R. R.

"THE SAUCY SALLY."

"The Saucy Sally," Mr. Frank Burnand's adaptation of "La Flamboyante," which is talked of as the successor of "A White Elephant," at the Comedy Theatre, was originally produced in the provinces at the Opera House, Southport, as far back as July 1, 1892. It was performed by the company, under the direction of Miss Emma Hutchinson, who has long had the privilege of introducing most of the Criterion pieces to country playgoers. Herbert Jocelyn, the irresponsible young gentleman who passes himself off as a famous Arctic navigator and explorer, was then impersonated by Mr. Horatio Saker, the real Captain Jocelyn and Commander of the ice-braving *Saucy Sally* falling to the lot of Mr. Charles Riley; Miss Emma Hutchinson, Mr. Percy Hutchinson, Mr. Frank Hill, Miss Hilda Clyde, and Mr. W. J. Vaughan sustaining other rôles of importance. "The Saucy Sally" as originally performed was full of amusing complications, and there is no reason why it should not please a number of London audiences. The part of Herbert Jocelyn would suit Mr. Charles Hawtrey.

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THE STRANGE CASE OF PRINCESS DE CHIMAY.

When Mr. Kipling confounded romance in his most vigorous style, he was able to cite a somewhat non-obvious argument in support of his contention that romance is rampant everywhere. And now on the very head of the republication of his inspiring verses the strange case of the Princess de Chimay has risen, and surged and rolled through every newspaper, so that the sad story of the Princess Flavia falls into forgetfulness, and an Anthony Hope no longer preserves the monopoly of creating a romance which, in modern times at least, seems to belong to the region of sheer fantasy.

If the Princess de Chimay has any craving for notoriety, she may rest well satisfied. Two continents have rung with her amazing marriage. Every American paper has published her portrait, and it may safely be asserted that, had the lady chosen to "desert her Prince and wedded bliss for life with a wandering Gipsy," as the *New York Herald* puts it, at the time of the Venezuelan imbroglio, all

fears of international complication would have been needless, for the American press, at any rate, would have found a far more absorbing subject of discussion.

It seems only yesterday that the marriage of Miss Clara Ward of Michigan to Prince Joseph of Chimay caused almost as much interest all over the States as did the Marlborough-Vanderbilt alliance. She had long been familiar with Europe, for, at the age of ten, eighteen years ago, she had been sent to a convent, which, in the ripe maturity of her anti-conventual state, she declares herself to have loathed utterly. In course of time she became a pretty woman, for, in America, beauty seems almost invariably to accompany the possession of great wealth, and the heir of the House of Chimay and Caraman, himself a wealthy man, fell in love at first sight with the lovely American girl, whom he first met at Nice, when she was travelling in Europe with her mother. Indeed, Miss Clara Ward and her friends had every reason to be congratulated, for, paraphrasing the motto of the Rohans, her *fiancé* could well have declared "Roi ne daigne, Chimay suis." The Chimays trace their descent from the Arrigettis, of Florence, and at least one former Princess de Chimay was known all over France and Belgium as "Notre dame de bon secours"; while Prince Joseph's father was long Minister of Foreign Affairs to Leopold I., and no American heiress has ever been welcomed more cordially than was the pretty American Princess in Belgian society, where, as elsewhere, the possession of a few million dollars is not without a considerable attraction.

Very soon, however, not only the select, brilliant society of Villette, but the greater and more boisterous world of Paris and the Riviera, became aware that the Princess de Chimay carried far the passion for romance supposed to be inherent in transatlantic beauties. The rumours at last reached the ear of the Queen of the Belgians, and a hint was conveyed to the young lady that her presence would be no longer welcome at the Palace. As seems so strangely usual in such cases, the Prince, who is both popular and respected, heard nothing of the current talk, and, though he became perceptibly alienated from his wife, they continued to make *bon ménage ensemble*, spending at least a portion of each year in the beautiful country-house where still lingers the traditions of "Our Lady of Help."

The Princess seems to have met the Tzigane, to whose fortunes she joined hers, in a Parisian café, and the case bears many curious resemblances to that described in Du Maurier's famous book, for Rigo turned out, in very truth, a sinister Svengali. Like Du Maurier's villain, Janesi Rigo, as the Gipsy is called, is not a handsome man. His photograph tells that, and the *Chicago Tribune* goes the length of describing him as a "monkey-faced brute, with pock-marks and no expression." He is eight-and-thirty, talks only Hungarian fluently, and is able merely to chatter a few sentences in English and French, so that the Princess and he understand each other with difficulty.

But love, of course, needs no languages, and when, in the fine phrase of Mr. Meredith, Janesi touched his guitar in her chamber, they played Rizzio and Mary together. 'Tis even said that he fiddles but fairly. That is a detail, for the Princess felt herself impelled to be present. In vain her friends remonstrated with her; she became absolutely infatuated. Rigo followed her even to Chimay, and so unpleasing an impression did the wild Hungarian minstrel produce in the neighbourhood, that the old parish priest wrote to the Prince and begged that the Princess should be warned as to the manner of man whom she invited to her husband's house. Though her husband well knew how fascinated she was, he took no steps to get a divorce. The Princess would have liked to have avoided any more public scandal on account of her children, and it was first her intention to go and see the Prince and to ask him to set her free for their own mutual interest; but Janesi would not allow her to take that step, and so these pretty love-birds decided to leave Paris together, which would at last force the Prince to act as she wished him to.

The closing crowded chapter of the story is familiar to most people. One fine morning the Princess disappeared, leaving an incoherent letter of explanation, of lamentation, and of defiance. The eloping lovers took refuge in Hungary, going to the little village of Pagozd, where, in the first blush of her romance, the lady declared that the dirty little hut of her lover's parents was finer in her eyes than the palace she had quitted. The Prince sued for divorce, and the Princess endeavoured to persuade the Gipsy's spouse to follow her own husband's example. It was bruited abroad that the Princess was going to act with the Tzigane, and that together they would tour, he playing, she singing and dancing. Had this come off, we might have seen this latter-day Svengali and Trilby at the Empire, and creating a furore in London. But the runaways have come to a halt. The lady began to feel unpleasantly aware of conscience, and she set about describing her sensations in a series of strange epistles. Of the many letters ascribed to her, at least one appears to be genuine, and that is the curious, pathetic epistle addressed to the women of America, in which she begs them "never to give up the highest ideals of life for the sake of social position." Then, according to one London correspondent, the pair parted at Milan, whence they had wandered. 'Tis said that they had come to quarrel violently. The Princess's screams of rage and the Gipsy's forcible language alarmed and disturbed the other residents in the hotel in which they were living. At the end of one of these quarrels the lady packed up her things and left Milan for Monte Carlo, paying her own bill, but leaving Rigo's unsettled. But this rumour is, in turn, contradicted. Suffice it to say, if she did actually go to Monte Carlo, she might begin to ponder over, and then take to heart, the moral of the sad story of the two pigeons which Signor Pochinet mimes with such force every afternoon at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. She has lost much of her good looks and her fortune has become considerably reduced.

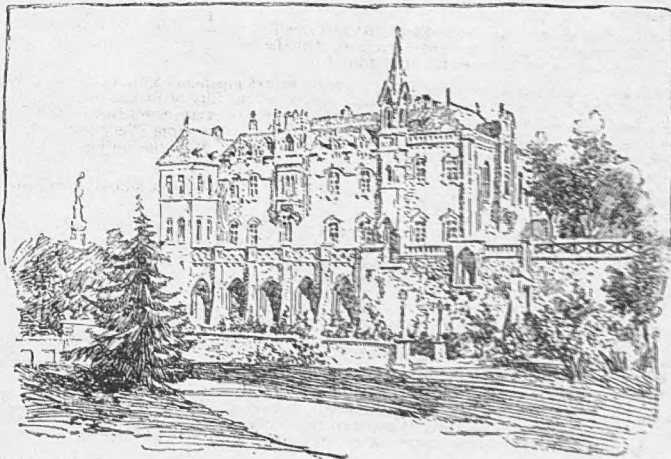


THE CHIMAY COAT OF ARMS.



THE GIPSY.

Photo by Erdélyi, Budapest.



THE CHATEAU OF CHIMAY.

"THE MARTYRDOM" OF KING CHARLES I.

Saturday was a red-letter day in the annals of the modern Jacobite, for, in an age of the revival of pretty antiquarian customs, the recrudescence of devotion to the House of Stuart is scarcely wonderful. Royalist societies are to be found all over the empire now ruled by the Guelphs. The Society of King Charles the Martyr has an enthusiastic officer in the person of the Hon. Mrs. Greville-Nugent, whose address, by a strange stroke of irony, is Ecclefechan. Then there is the Order of the White Rose, which is approaching its eleventh birthday; the Order of St. Germain; the Legitimist Jacobite League of Great Britain and Ireland, and so on. The most valuable outcome of it all, so far, has been the publication of the "Legitimist Kalendar," a most interesting collection of historical data, edited by the "Marquis de Ruvigny and Raineval"; and the most picturesque aspect of the programme is the decoration of the statue of King Charles I. at Charing Cross on the anniversary of his execution. It was on Jan. 30, 1649, that "St. Charles, King and Martyr," was "murdered," as the Kalendar has it; while, on Jan. 31, 1788, his great-grandson, "King Charles III.," departed from a world which had been too much for him. Thus, Saturday was chosen as the day on which to lay the laurel at Charing Cross, much to the astonishment of many citizens of this good town of London, for, while Nelson and General Gordon, in the Square in rear, come within the historical compass of the man in the street, you would have found, had you mixed with the crowd on Saturday, that King Charles's martyrdom is somewhat of a maze to many a passer-by. But the laurel and the ivy and lilies were pretty, and the rain gave them vigour, though it made the strips of royal Stuart tartan a trifle limp and melancholy, and played havoc with the inked inscriptions which the devotees had sent with their wreaths. These expressions of loyalty are shorn, unhappily, of the sincerity which actuates the donors, for the Board of Works supervises them all and regulates the mementoes to the martyr. Yet the sixteen wreaths that adorned the pedestal of the statue were a good show. Count d'Grosso sent a wreath of white flowers with

the quotation from "Richard II." A circle of yellow tulips, with a background of laurels and maidenhair ferns, sent by the English Companions of the Order of St. Germain, bore the historic phrase, "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown." The lady Companions of the same Order sent a wreath of white azaleas, arums, and Stuart roses, tied with a scarlet satin ribbon, to which was attached a card bearing the words, "Faithful and ever loyal." From the Scottish Companions of the Order came a magnificent floral emblem of white exotics, tied with a tartan silk ribbon, with the legend, "In memory of the great-grandson of King Charles I., Charles Edward; died Jan. 31, 1788. 'Wha wad na follow thee, King of the Hieland heart, Bonnie Prince Charlie?'" The members of the Thames Valley Legitimist Club did not limit their veneration to King Charles. After making their obeisance to the statue, they adjourned to "The Shades," at Whitehall, where, under the presidency of Chevalier Lumbye, they drank the memory of the Martyr King in solemn silence, and afterwards passed a resolution that they were "pleased to hear that Don Carlos has issued a manifesto to his faithful subjects, and regret that, through the action of the usurping Madrid Government in seizing the copies of *El Correo Español* (his Majesty's official gazette), his people have been deprived of the pleasure of reading their King's wishes."



THE STATUE AS IT ORIGINALLY STOOD.



THE STATUE AS IT APPEARED ON SATURDAY.
Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.

If the celebrations call the attention of Londoners to the historic bronze statue, they will not have been in vain, for it is a fine specimen of the sculptor's art. It was modelled by Hubert Le Sœur, a Frenchman, who came to England about the year 1630, and the statue was cast, by a commission from the Earl of Arundel, in 1639. It was erected just before the beginning of the serious troubles between Charles and the Parliament. When the hapless monarch was consigned to the block, his statue became as unpopular as himself; accordingly, it was taken down, by order of the Revolutionary Parliament, and was sold to a Covent Garden brasier, with strict injunctions that it should be broken up. Whether he was a Royalist or not, the crafty artisan kept the statue intact, buried it underground, and drove a brisk trade in knives and forks with bronze handles, which he pretended were made out of the obnoxious bronze. He clearly must have made a good thing out of the knives and forks which he manufactured in bronze for sale, since the Royalists, no doubt, eagerly bought them as relics of their lamented and unfortunate sovereign, while the Puritans and Roundheads would, it is quite as certain, be equally glad to secure them as trophies of the downfall of a hated despot.

Long after the season of turmoil, when Charles II. and the Royalists were in power and in fashion, the bronze statue came again forth into light, and was set up, in 1674, in its present position, the original rapier which the monarch wore having disappeared. The stone pedestal, sculptured with the royal arms, trophies, and ornaments, was long regarded as the work of Grinling Gibbons, but, if we may believe Mr. John Timbs, a written account is extant proving it to be by Joshua Marshall, Master-Mason to the Crown. The plinth, formerly of Portland stone, was renewed in granite, and slightly raised, in 1856, the restoration being made under the superintendence of Sir Gilbert Scott. On May 29, the anniversary of the Restoration of Charles II., the statue was formerly decorated with boughs of oak.

SMALL TALK.

The discovery in the Florentine archives of a State document, dated Sept. 28, 1301, relating to the Florentine Commune in which Dante took part, recalls to mind the various embassies on which Dante was engaged, and the high office he filled in his city before the internecine conflict of

the Neri and the Bianchi, combined with the advent of Charles of Valois, brought about his exile. The conjunction of literature with statecraft, which is exemplified so strongly at the present day in the cases of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and Mr. John Morley, was of frequent occurrence in Italian history. Machiavelli's political writings have caused his plays and verses to pass out of the general memory. Guicciardini, the historian of Italy, served his city in the council-chamber, and was for some years Governor of Bologna. Andreas Naugerius, one of the historians of Venice, was an Ambassador for his republic. The great Pietro Bembo, poet, critic, and historian, was Papal Secretary to Leo X. years before he became Cardinal. I



MARY GRIFFIN.

Photo by Pettibonell, Liverpool.

might prolong indefinitely the list both of laymen and of Churchmen who applied their learning and their genius to affairs of State. Thus the avocations of "Civil Servant" and "Man of Letters" are by no means irreconcilable.

Liverpool Workhouse is proud in the possession of a centenarian inmate, Mary Griffin, who celebrated her hundredth birthday on Dec. 21. Born in County Monaghan, Ireland, she was taken to Liverpool at the age of six weeks. Her father was a soldier. She never married.

While this old lady still lives, I have to record the death of two active women-workers in the prime of life. Novel-readers will, I think, have read with regret the recent announcement of the death of Mrs. Hungerford, the popular authoress of "Molly Bawn," and other bright, wholesome, and amusing stories. Mrs. Hungerford lived, I believe, at a pretty old place near Bandon, County Cork, and had been twice married. Her first husband died when she had been wed but a few years, leaving her with three little girls. Then, in 1883, she married Mr. Hungerford, a friend and schoolfellow of Mr. Rider Haggard's. In person one would imagine that Mrs. Hungerford was as bright and charming as her books. This is her description, which I remember meeting with some years ago, and I preserved it, as it seemed to picture exactly what the creator of her romances ought to be, a combination which is but rarely, I fancy, the case—

A tiny woman, slight and well proportioned. Her large hazel eyes, sparkling with merriment, are shaded by thick, curly lashes. She has a small, determined mouth, and the chin, slightly upturned, gives a piquant expression to the intelligent face—so bright, so vivacious. Her hair is of a fair brown colour, lighter than brows and lashes, and is worn piled up high on the top of her head, breaking into natural curls above her brow. She looks the very embodiment of good temper, merry wit, and *espiglerie*.

Very different from Mrs. Hungerford's was the life-work of Mrs. Massingberd, who founded and endowed the Pioneer Club for Women, and who died on Thursday morning. She was one of the Massingberds of Gunby Hall, Lincolnshire, and married Mr. Edmund Langton thirty years ago. When her father died, in 1887, she succeeded to the family property, and reverted to her maiden name, as her grandmother, who also married a Langton, had done before her. As her portrait indicates, she was essentially strenuous—an anti-vivisectionist, a teetotaler, an advocate of Mrs. Maybrick's release, and so on. In 1892 she started the Pioneer Club for the political and moral advancement of women. From Regent Street it moved to Ash Street, and thence to Lord Hastings' house in Bruton Street, where it flourished like a bay-tree.



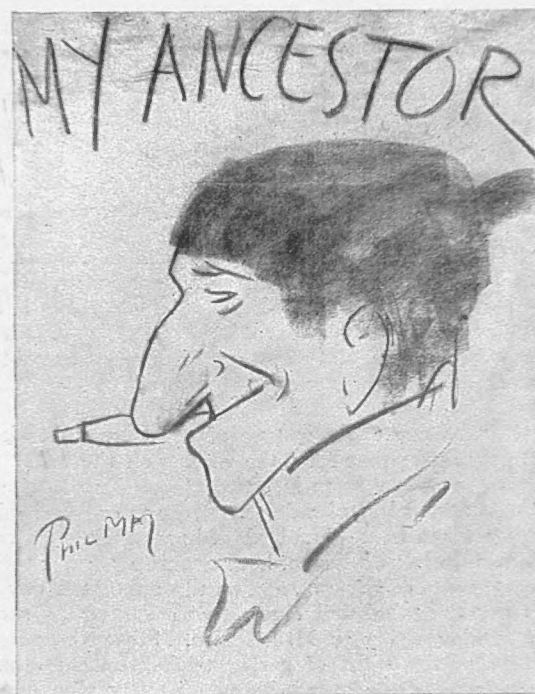
MRS. MASSINGBERD.

Photo by Elliott and Fry.

I gather that there has been a good deal of friction between that somewhat sensitive tribe, the dramatic critics, and the business management of the Carl Rosa Company, over the allotment, or non-allotment, of Press-seats. Personally, I am hardly in accord with my aggrieved brethren of the Press, for I have experienced nothing but courtesy at the hands of Mr. Bulmer, the energetic acting-manager of the company, throughout the present season of opera at the Garrick Theatre. It is true that the supply of tickets to the Press has been very limited; but

the Carl Rosa management explained, politely enough, that seats were at the disposal of all critics who cared to enter the theatre and claim them, although tickets were no longer to be scattered broadcast over the newspaper offices of London, only, in two cases out of every three, to lie unused, while the unoccupied seats might have been sold for hard cash to the public. One cannot but sympathise on this point with the management of a theatre at which there is a change of programme each evening. To have every seat in the house sold, except those reserved for the Press, and then to be compelled to turn late-comers away while stalls remain empty because Mr. This or Mr. That has some other engagement, or because an editor takes his responsibility too lightly, must be galling to a manager at any time, but particularly so when the number of performances is as straitly limited as it has been during the present visit of the Carl Rosa Company to the Metropolis. The demand for seats has, I understand, been so large that every effort has been made to cancel the first provincial engagement of the company's spring tour, but Hanley theatre-goers are not to be balked of the brief season of opera which is their due next week.

Last Saturday week the members of the Maccabæan Club entertained some of their distinguished co-religionists at dinner. The gathering was a large and representative one, and everything passed off without a hitch, while the speeches were unusually good for the time of night. After dinner, when Johannes Wolff had played and Brandon Thomas had told funny stories, Phil May arose in his might and proceeded to make some very funny sketches. Perhaps the happiest effort was the



one resulting from a sudden inspiration that one of his ancestors was a member of the ancient faith. He produced on paper another Phil May, a trifle older than the one we know, a thought more knowing, with considerable commercial development, but still recognisable. This he labelled "My Ancestor," and a cry of delight went all round the room when it was seen that Judaism was partly responsible for the brilliant artist. The drawings were carefully collected, and are the property of the Maccabæans, but I had no great difficulty in getting permission from both artist May and president-artist Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., to borrow the ancestral one for *The Sketch*. Mr. May understands genealogy better than the authorities who rule at the office to which men who have acquired a fortune go to buy a pedigree. Judas Maccabæus must be a myth, for the artist drew an obviously Jewish gentleman in kilts, and labelled him "The Original MacAbee." So far as I could see, nobody quarrelled with the finding, and, though some of the distinguished scholars present may have had their doubts, they were quite content to smile and leave them unexpressed.

The professional play-taster does not often go twice to a piece, since he acts on the "too much is worse than a fast" principle. However, when I saw that Miss Kitty Loftus was taking the part of a French mime in "A Pierrot's Life," I could not withstand the assaults of curiosity. I expected that she would be—well, not wholly successful. English players are not accustomed to dumb-show work, and it is not to be picked up in a day. To my surprise and joy I found that she was charming. The rough and far from artistic manner that she has lately shown was gone, and she was an artist, earnest, simple, and strong. There were moments in the second act where she showed true pathos and tenderness without apparent effort. I could hardly believe my eyes. Have we on our stage a mass of players full of unsuspected gifts, or is she a bright exception? Whatever the truth, I apologise to Miss Kitty for unkind things said in the past—they were perfectly true—and beg to tender my sincere admiration and hearty hopes that, having shown herself able to act admirably, she will aim higher than before.

What a pity it is that some American millionaire did not invest a modest four hundred guineas in the quaint manor-house known as Old Washington Hall, one of the landmarks of Durham, and a place not only interesting as having been the home for generations of George Washington's ancestors, but also as being one of the few existing



THE OLD HALL, WASHINGTON.
Reproduced from the "Newcastle Chronicle."

properties mentioned in Domesday Book. Washington Irving, when tracing the genealogy of the Washington family, proved clearly that "the Father of his Country" belonged to the Washingtons of Durham; indeed, it has sometimes been asserted that the Stars and Stripes are but a development of the arms of the Washingtons: "Argent; two bars gules; in chief three mullets." It

would be strange indeed if what we call spread-eagleism were the outcome of a crest composed of "a raven with wings endorsed proper, issuing out of a ducal coronet." Old Washington Hall went down in the world, and was finally let out in tenements. It was sold the other day for £405, and it is to be hoped that its present owner, a well-known tradesman of Washington, will restore it to some of its pristine glory.

I have often wondered why those who love solitude and sport combined do not invest in an island, for the coast of every country can boast of charming islets which not unfrequently change hands. A group of Americans have actually realised my ideal, for they bought beautiful Jekyll Island, on the coast of Georgia, and turned it into a splendid game-preserve, with a charming club-house close to the sandy beach. Terrapin, wild boar, quails, and pheasants have all been acclimatised with success, and already the oyster-beds are becoming famous all over America. The island is sixty miles long, so each of the part-owners of this earthly paradise can pursue his own particular amusement, sport, or interest undisturbed. Still, when all is said and done, we should think it extremely odd if a club of millionaires were to buy the Isle of Wight and turn it into a vast game-preserve, keeping, perhaps, Osborne House as a luxurious club-house, and allowing none to land save those whom they chose to consider as their guests!

If half of what one hears is true of the French Stock Exchange world, it certainly seems time for "the writing on the wall" to make its appearance. The latest way to kill time (according to the *New York Herald*) is to offer the *régal* of a dog-marriage to one's friends. A lady sends out invitations to several hundreds of her acquaintances, announcing the approaching nuptials of Diane, her favourite poodle, to Major, the four-footed companion of a friend, and on the appointed day takes place a grotesque travesty of the Civil ceremony so familiar to French folk, a huge elderly bulldog acting as *M. le Maire*. Some years ago all Paris was scandalised by the sight of a dog tricked out in orange-blossom following her mistress among the bridesmaids to the altar, but the foolish sentiment which prompted that action was more to be commended than the love of notoriety which inspired the initial idea of a "dog-marriage."

Few Englishmen understand the French language; nearly all pretend to. Now, although ignorance is no excuse in the eyes of the law, it is in itself pardonable so far as a foreign country is concerned; and this is very much the case in England, where, if the music-hall songsters are to be believed, the natives are worth three times their weight in foreigners. We cannot expect the man who is better than a handful of foreigners to bother himself about their language; we must, however, insist that, if he will handle the unknown, he



A DOG-MARRIAGE.

must do so with some approach to accuracy. The mistakes made by Frenchmen in dealing with our language amuse us mightily, but the laugh is not always on the one side. Less than a fortnight ago to-day I dined at a well-known club—a club boasting a large and influential membership, an excellent house, a fine cellar, and a large subscription. I enjoyed the dinner, which was excellently cooked and very well

served, and only in the moment of coffee and cigar did I take up the menu and look through the list of things "though lost to sight to memory dear." Here are some of the items as written. Unless the writer is a professional humorist, I can offer no solution—

Blanchalles.
Salmi au Faison Truffés.
Tart de Pomm.
Compot de Pois.
Crout de Jambon.

Of course, it didn't matter so much, as there were no Frenchmen present, but, did such an one discover this or a similar menu-card, Waterloo would be bitterly avenged. Then, again, had the Club entertained a journalist unawares, he might have published the funny menu. You have to be so very careful when the Fourth Estate is about; nowadays its members are often taken for gentlemen in a crowd.

When Captain Cook made his great pioneer voyage round New Zealand he could hardly, in his most prophetic moments, have conceived that he was to become the *Aeneas* of a great people. He dared scarcely dream that in a hundred years he would be the opening figure in the school primers wherein the Antipodean children are taught the history of their country. A historical man who is counted great by children is a great man indeed. But Cook clearly saw the great possibilities of New Zealand; he observed how the plants luxuriated in the land and how the fish thrived and swarmed in the sea, and the accompanying illustration shows that, in point of size, the New Zealand fish, the habuka, still maintains its reputation. It could carry a small Jonah with ease, although it must be confessed that the acrid gastric juice of the habuka's stomach would be a rather uncomfortable atmosphere to



THE TOTARANUI JONAH.
Photo by Charles T. Fell.

breathe in, not to mention the danger of the appearance of the head of a Maori's spear some night, when one of those gentlemen is on the prowl for a supper.

No sooner was the Benin disaster announced than I had an application from a photographer who wanted to follow the drum for me. Civilisation, indeed, has so advanced that I see a new reading of an old rhyme—

If the greedy cassowary
Kills the priest and hacks him too;
Won't he gulp my photo-fairy,
Camera and Maxim too?

That is a moot point. It would seem, however, and whatever the anti-Church bias of the cassowary, Prempeh, the ex-King of Ashanti, does not share the prejudice against the missionary, at least where that worthy takes the form of the monks who christen the most famous of liquors. For, under the beneficence of Benedictine, Prempeh is now kicking his legs (encased, by the way, in trousers of yellow brocade satin) in Freetown, Sierra Leone, where he is content to go without his idols, I presume, solaced by this beverage of the white man's Church—

When Prempeh left his native shore,
And all the gods whom o'er and o'er
He had appeased with human gore,
He mourned the sad evict-scene.
But Christian wines and Christian art
Brought solace to his breaking heart,
His lips mechanically part
At sight of Benedictine.

During last year the sum of £609 1s. was subscribed by the employés of J. S. Fry and Sons, Limited, and distributed among several medical and other institutions in the district of Bristol. In addition, the mechanics and those engaged in the building department subscribed £29, which has been distributed among the various medical institutions.

On another page you will find some pictures of the leading characters in "The Sorrows of Satan." Herewith I give a portrait of Miss Rose Dupré, who figures in the piece as the American heiress, Diana Chesney. Rarely has any actress not born in the States more faithfully represented an American girl in manner, and in accent especially. Miss Dupré has evidently been coached by someone who is very fully alive to the fact



MISS ROSE DUPRÉ.

Photo by Frank Dickens, Sloane Street, S.W.

that the true Yankee maiden does not speak through the nose, her accent being chiefly the result of emphasising the first letters of words. Miss Dupré created the part of Dyveke in "King Dreams," from Hans Christian Andersen's original play, produced by Mr. Berton, and so struck was the latter by her abilities that when the cast for "The Sorrows of Satan" was under consideration he offered her the part she is now playing. In her stage career of little over three years Miss Dupré has had the best possible training. She began with a season with Miss Sarah Thorne, and afterwards toured in "Human Nature," and took the part of Salome in "Dandy Dick," besides playing all manner of parts in the chief capitals of Europe, both in French and English. She has had the advantage of understudying,

at the same time, many of the leading actresses abroad. Being an artist as well as an actress, her taste in dress might confidently have been relied on, even if the great M. Worth had not designed the lovely gowns in which she is now appearing.

Although Signorina Carmen Faur lacks the gifts that create sensations, she can legitimately attract, is worth hearing, and pleasant to look upon. She is a young Italian singer now appearing for the first time in London at the Empire Theatre. The methods of Italian training, with the good and bad points involved therein, are well exemplified in the case of Signorina Faur, but it is unlikely that her audience is so hypercritical as to complain that her style is a trifle too decorative and embellished, that she is given to over-elaborating the music she sings, and has a too apparent fondness for showy operatic excerpts. Beyond a doubt her voice is pretty and sympathetic; her face matches her voice; her costumes,



SIGNORINA CARMEN FAUR.

Photo by Schemboche, Turin.

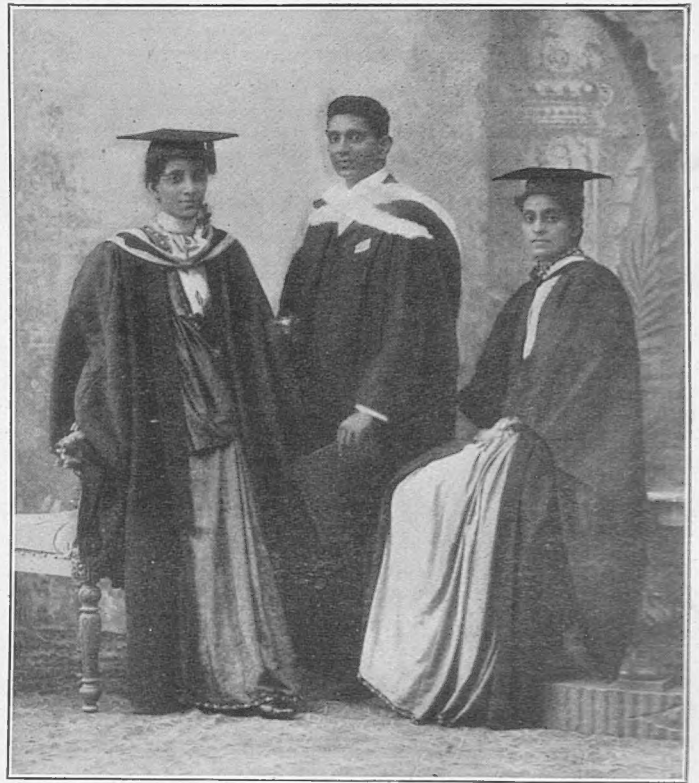
perfect in themselves, are worn as only an Italian who has been in Paris can wear pretty frocks. It is a distinct relief after so much French talent to get the change of method introduced by the fair Italian singer, and on the night of my visit the audience gave unmistakable evidence of its pleasure. The foreign ladies who make their English début on the Empire stage are always talented and interesting; the last comer is no exception to the rule. By the way, I learn with regret that Mr. Hector Tennent, the chairman of the Empire directors, is dangerously ill. No director ever worked harder, more conscientiously, and less ostentatiously than does Mr. Tennent, and it is to be hoped that he will soon be out of danger.

If he thought more of himself and less of his work, I feel sure that he would not be so often ill. Everybody is hoping that he will be quite restored before the 25th of the month, for which date the benefit matinée for the Lifeboat Fund is announced.

Theatrical souvenirs are sometimes, not always, worth keeping. Truly interesting, for instance, are those given recently to the audience

at the New Theatre, Cambridge, on the first anniversary performance of that splendid provincial house. A brief record is given of the doings at the theatre during its opening twelve months, starting with a matinée performance of "Hamlet," given by Mr. and Mrs. Tree and the company from the Haymarket, and ending with a matinée performance given by Mr. Arthur Roberts and his company.

The garden-parties on the lawn of Somerville College, Oxford, never used to be prettier than when touched by the colours of the native costume of the Parsee student, Miss Cornelia Sorabji, of Poona, and the scene must have been recalled to some of my readers as they looked through the interesting article on the Women's Colleges at Oxford in the January number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. She duly took her B.A. at Bombay, and, having passed the B.C.L. examination at Oxford, she has further distinguished herself by taking the LL.B., by which she becomes the first lady Bachelor of Laws in India, and is to start practice at the Bar with her brother, Mr. K. Sorabji, who is not only a graduate of Oxford, but also a member of Lincoln's Inn. Her younger sister, Miss Alice, who is also a B.A. of Bombay, is to become a doctor, and to that end she is now studying at Bedford College. It is surely very rare for two sisters to possess degrees and professions like this; still rarer for a brother and a sister to practise the same profession. If anything, indeed, were wanted to show the progress that India has made under our rule, one might cite this case. The Sorabjis represent



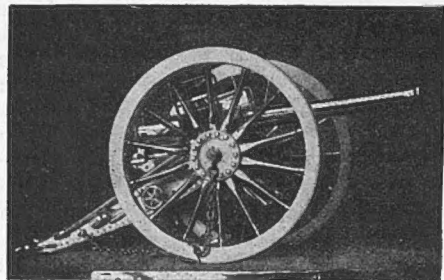
MISS ALICE, MR. K., AND MISS CORNELIA SORABJI.

one of the few Parsee Christian families in India. While they are distinctly Western in thought and habits and religion, they remain living and working among their fellow-countrymen.

One of the most frequent questions asked in the general correspondence columns of newspapers is as to what to do with old stamps. A New York lady, a certain Mrs. Wilson, has solved the problem. She has utilised a million used stamps in decorating her bedroom suite, and the final result should provide infinite joy to those stamp-collectors privileged to gaze on the result. There, shining through the haze of thick varnish, are to be seen the faces of every President, from Washington down. She has not followed any particular method of arrangement, and each chair is a mosaic embodying the history of every country under the sun. Those who feel they would like to possess a stamp-chair or a stamp-table will be interested to hear the way in which Mrs. Wilson has accomplished her task. Before being glued on, patchwork-quilt fashion, to the article about to be decorated, each stamp was carefully washed and dried. Once the glue was really dry, and the article of furniture closely covered, a layer of the best varnish was laid over the whole.

I have just seen an ingenious device of Messrs. Bussey and Co., of 36, Queen Victoria Street, for converting an ordinary dining-room table into a billiard-table. For the small sum of eighteen-and-sixpence—absurdly small when one considers the cost of a real billiard-table—you can obtain all the paraphernalia necessary to this transposition. Six pockets, with green bands laced up tight to take the place of cushions, are supplied, and these duly fixed on a table with a smooth and well-stretched cloth, and you have a really fair billiard-table. Two cues, balls, chalk, &c., form part of the kit, and altogether it will give endless amusement to the ladies and young folks, if not to the paterfamilias accustomed to handle the cue at his club.

I note that the 34th Field Battery of the Royal Artillery, stationed at Meerut, has carried off the shooting-prize for 12-pounder batteries in India. The trophy interests me, because it is the work of natives under the supervision of Europeans on the staff of Barton of Bangalore. From the muzzle to the end of the trail the gun is 9 in. long, the actual gun being 6 in., and the diameter of the wheels $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. The



A SILVER GUN.

model represents every detail of a 12-pounder breech-loading field-gun, and its elaborateness may be gauged from the fact that it comprises no less than 126 separate pieces, all of solid silver.

There are certain books which not even the most eager book-lover has any chance of acquiring, or, indeed, of fingering, and among these is the Vatican "Codex," the very reproduction of which is considered valuable enough to make a precious gift. This "Codex," which is one of the very few volumes made in Mexico before the Spanish Conquest, is really a kind of Aztec picture-book, in which is embodied a religious calendar. The "Codex" measures twenty-four feet, and is folded like a fan into forty-eight parts, the ends of which are attached to a wooden cover. The leaves, if leaves they can be called, are made of prepared deerskin, fastened together with gum. Curiously enough, the pictures on each leaf are very Chinese in effect; but so little is known of the inner meaning of the designs that even up to the present time no one knows which is the beginning or the end. The Duc de Loubat, who has just presented a splendid reproduction of the original "Codex" to the University of Pennsylvania, probably hopes that among the students may be found one possessing some vague clue to Mexican folklore.

Of all the extraordinary theories constantly put forward as to the meaning and scope of the universe, Dr. Teed of Chicago's hypothesis is one of the most strange, if only from the fact that it has already attracted a considerable following, who back their belief in a very practical fashion, for they have already fixed on the site of a New Jerusalem. He believes that we live within a hollow globe, and that the sun is in the centre of the globe, some four thousand miles from the earth's surface. It is not easy to see what connection this theory has with an active and eccentric form of religion; but still the head and front of "Koreslanity," as its founder calls the new sect, seems to repose on the concave theory of the earth, for he teaches his disciples—who resemble in more ways than one the Christian Socialists—that the world is a concave sphere, all material life existing upon its inner surface. He does not volunteer any information as to what is the other side of the universe crust.



A FATHER OF THE KAILYARDERS.

While the battle begins to buzz round the devoted heads of the Kailyarders, the Aberdonians have been erecting a monument over the mortal remains of a pioneer of the school. For Dr. William Alexander, during many years the most prominent journalist in the North, was undoubtedly a fore-runner of the fiction of the moment—unconscious, it is true; but for that very reason likely to last much longer than some of the men of to-day. True, he never became widely known. He had to picture a people that at no time have an emotional history of a very vivid or soothing type: a people with hard heads, always sure of the path to follow. His story of the Disruption times, "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk," which

saw the church he loved split off from the parent Presbyterianism, is perfect of its kind, and "Life Among My Ain Folk" brought out qualities which have a market to-day. He was respected and revered in Aberdeen, and when he died, three years ago, at the age of sixty-eight, his fellow-citizens mourned for him, and set about commemorating him in the granite that he knew and loved so well. And now they have erected the monument in one of the city cemeteries. It is thirteen

and a-half feet high, and is designed in three widely different granites, in red, white, and black, a bust of "the citizen, journalist, and author," and a medallion of Johnny Gibb, figuring in the centre from the chisel of Mr. Pittendrigh Macgillivray, A.R.S.A. Dr. Alexander was a quiet, unostentatious man, but his fellow-citizens would have been untrue to the trust of his memory had they omitted to carve his name and fame as they have now done.

Apropos of monuments, I can't resist telling the story of a curious incident and a still more curious account of it. On the morning of Jan. 5, 1891, the inhabitants of Edinburgh were startled as they opened their *Scotsman* by the following unique notice that appeared in the advertisement columns—

QUOD BONUM FELIX FAUSTUMQUE SIT.

Cornu ferreum de capite Monocerotis nostri Regii duodeviginti abhinc annis per jocum abreptum, jam redditum est, et in locum pristinum exstat restitutum. Satelles igitur Regius excubat ut olim in columis, quod quidem libens labens publice testari avelo.

GULS. D. GEDDES, Præfectus Aberdoniæ, Kalendis Januariis MDCCCXCI.

N.B.—Adjicio rogatus impensarum summan (non sine hoc indicio) sedecim solidos Anglicos expleturos.

Even when they could translate it, they were unable to make much of it, for it simply told that Sir William Geddes, the Principal of Aberdeen University, returned thanks because the "iron horn from the head of our unicorn, taken away as a lark eighteen years ago, has now been returned and is restored to its wonted place. The Royal supporter thus keeps guard uninjured as of old." "As requested," ran the postscript, "I add the amount of outlay (including this advertisement), sixteen shillings."

The portals of the Library of King's College, Old Aberdeen, are guarded by a unicorn and a lion, and one day in December 1872 the officials rose to find with horror that half the head of the unicorn had been knocked off and carried away. Eighteen years passed away, and on Christmas Day, 1890, the horn in a box, and a letter, written in Latin, were received by the Principal. It appears that there were two despoilers, and that, at first, they had wished only to dishorn the creature, and had accidentally broken off its head in the process. They duly paid the costs of the advertisement, and sent two guineas, by way of penance, for the restoration of the College Chapel. Two years ago the whole story was told in a pamphlet called "Monocerotis Cornu," of which seven copies only were printed, the authors of the outrage being described in an anagram, which nobody seems to have been able to decipher. There is reason, however, to believe that they are in Montreal, but the whole matter is wrapped in mystery. It has, however, given bibliographers a chance of treasure-trove.



Miss Annie Hill has just been married to Mr. de Lange, the well-known comedian, who is a UNIQUE UNICORN, pictured in the series of photographs from "The Eider-Down Quilt," elsewhere in this issue. Miss Hill is an actress who has been seen too little of late on the London stage. This is a pity, for she is an artist with a peculiar freshness and charm, which always send a breezy suggestion of Devonshire orchards over the foot-lights. Mr. de Lange is the most expert representative we have of certain types of foreigners. He is a stage-manager of great ability, and his judgment in the production of plays is valued very highly in the dramatic profession. Miss Hill and her husband have the most cordial wishes of troops of friends.

I am sceptical about the resident at Monaco who has discontinued his morning walk because of the corpses he finds scattered about the lower esplanade. When the newspapers want to throw fresh discredit on the gambling at Monte Carlo, they ought not to print cock-and-bull tales of this kind. Some people who lose their money at the tables may commit suicide; but the number is very small; and this attempt to pile up bodies, which, strange to say, are always spirited away after the Monaco gentleman has returned from his walk, is a trifle ludicrous.

Two young American ladies, Miss Maisie and Miss Kate Turner, sisters, represent Cinderella and her Prince Charming at the Aquarium Theatre, Brighton. Miss Kate Turner's Prince gives her but few opportunities of showing her acting prowess; but it affords her, in a patriotic song, chances of displaying a fine mezzo-soprano voice, while her various manly dresses reveal an extremely graceful and handsome person. As Cinderella Miss Maisie Turner shows a delightfully dainty style; she has a soprano voice of fine quality, highly cultured, and her singing of the "Cuckoo Song" and the coon ditty of "I want you, my honey" (this latter with Mr. Winn), are so charmingly and artistically rendered that a double encore in each case is the result. I noticed many people came in for those two songs and then left, and I understand this is quite a usual feature in this most successful pantomime, which does so much credit to the management of the Aquarium. I hear Miss Maisie Turner has already had several offers of engagements, and, without doubt, we shall have a taste of her quality ere long at a West-End Theatre.

"East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," says Rudyard Kipling, but here is a terrier from the West and an orang from the East that have met and made very good friends in the growing town of Penang in the Straits Settlements. The young orang, as a rule, is of a quiet, affable, and sedate temperament, and makes friends readily with man and beast—in fact, with every living thing, except monkeys of a low degree, with which it will hold no traffickings whatsoever. It shows, too, a marked preference for European against the native friendship, so that, to some extent, it has a decided idea of race caste. The low monkeys are unspeakably impertinent and impudent, but even were this not so, the orang, an animal with some claim to an upright posture, is justified in its contempt for a chattering ape that runs on all-fours like a dog. The orang shown in the illustration was captured by a tobacco-planter in Sumatra. Orangs are too human to be quite pleasant pets. A couple kept by the writer used to gather their blankets and pillows together at dusk, make their bed together, and go to sleep in a grotesquely human manner. It might interest Professor Gardner to know that they said no audible prayers. When in a passion, brought on by some little disappointment, they threw themselves on the floor, whined

elaborate precautions have always been taken against that modern equivalent of the highwayman, the gold-car robber, and yet it was only six years ago that the great American railway company made up its mind to provide against the danger by the construction of special travelling arsenals, regularly manned by a number of well-armed men always on guard night and day, ready to shoot down in grim earnest any party of adventurers who seemed inclined to board the train. The car which is really a strong-room on wheels, has not yet been attacked; but vigilance is never relaxed, for the moment any precaution was given up the fact would be telegraphed all over the States by some zealous reporter, and there would soon spring up disciples of the celebrated Jesse James, for it not infrequently happens that a million of money is hidden away in the two huge safes which run through the centre of each "arsenal car."

Nowadays everything new seems to hail from Chicago. The latest discovery, patented by a citizen of the Western city, is a new motive power, by which an omnibus, or, indeed, a railway-train, will be driven by electricity without a motor, for the cars or vehicles will be propelled



A PET ORANG-OUTANG.

piteously, and beat the floor with their hands and feet like a child in a pet. They were unmatchable as serious clowns, doing all sorts of sly mischief with the long, lugubrious face of a "Free Kirk Elder."

It is better that a stag should jump over you than clear his path of your person with his antlers, but if he does not jump "big enough" the consequences may be disagreeable, as the French Ambassador to Vienna found a week or two ago. M. Gozé was taking part in a drive in the Austrian royal preserves, and while waiting at his stand, hidden, of course, from the advancing game, a large stag galloped down upon him, and, unable to swerve aside, sprang over M. Gozé, knocking him down, before the sportsman could bring his rifle to shoulder. When we remember that the red deer of the Tyrol are the largest of their kind, averaging perhaps half as heavy again as Scottish stags, we can understand that the consequences of such an interview might have been very serious. A gamekeeper is said to have been killed by a stag knocking him down in an unsuccessful attempt to jump over him.

Those who regret the days when Putney Heath was still infested by highwaymen, and Dick Turpin shared with "Boney" the honour of being cited as a terror and warning to naughty children, should take a journey in one of the American Express Company's armoured cars, for there they run a good chance of witnessing a "hold up." Very

by means of electro-magnets sunk in between the rails. Should the invention prove to be practical, it will make a great difference to what is called in America "street railroad" work. Even with regard to the braking-power, a great advance will be made over all the older forms of apparatus, for the new cars will be controlled by only one lever when this is pushed forward the tram will move forward, when it is pushed backwards the reversed power of the magnets will act as a powerful brake, and the fact that the power would all come from the ground between the rails seems likely to lead to a solution of several problems which have long occupied the minds of those interested in non-horse street-traffic. Mr. Telfer, the inventor of the electro-magnet system, has already arranged for an experimental line to be built in Chicago.

The mystery attaching to the Englishman who was despatched from one end of Italy to the other, from Brindisi to the Swiss frontier, in a sealed railway-carriage, has now been cleared up, but during all the sensational proceedings the identity of this extraordinary traveller has not been disclosed.

Whoever the Man in the Iron Mask
There's nobody nowadays tries to explain;
But everyone now is beginning to ask
The name of the Man in the Sealed-up Train.

If I were to go everywhere that I am invited I would need to have an iron constitution. On the opposite page I have reproduced the invitations that reached me in one week. Of course, if I were a dame



READY TO GO OUT.

of fashion, like the gorgeous creature in the drawing I reproduce, it would be different. As it is, I can only make a selection of visits.

Who amidst the whirl and rush of the great City has not sometimes yearned for the simple duties and pleasures of a life "far from the madding crowd"? Turning the strictly orthodox pages of the *Church Times* the other day, I read the following advertisement, and for a moment imagined that in the generous offer of this advertiser such aspirations might be happily realised—

A handy man wanted, with knowledge of gardening, who understands care of cow, pony, and hens, and is willing to do some work in house (boots, &c.). Must be reg. communicant. Preference to one who will help in choir and play cricket. 11s. 6d. a-week, with house and garden in Vicarage grounds: 16s. to married man whose wife would help one day a-week in the Vicarage.

What a vista of varied and innocent pursuits lies here extended before the "handy man"! To tend the flowers, and then to attend to the pony, the dear old cow, and the pretty chickens!

The *Daily Mail* man quite eclipsed himself on the fire at the Dowager Countess De La Warr's house in Grosvenor Street. This touch is a gem worthy of Sir Joseph Porter—

The Dowager had in the meantime been placed in a chair in the garden and wrapped in blankets. Commander Wells showed every attention and sailor-like kindness to the sufferers, and had the Countess conveyed in his van to a house in Grosvenor Street, where her friends had taken shelter.

I now expect to hear Mr. Hayden Coffin sing by way of an encore verse—

Jack's the boy to work, Jack's the boy to play,
With hose in hand
When mansions grand
Are like to burn away.

Indeed, the stage may yet annex other incidents in the calamity, such as the sight of the Hon. J. Lowther, who lived next door, and who fled in deshabille with his family; for—

When aristocratic dames get enveloped in the flames,
There are plots for half-a-dozen melodramas,
And there's stuffing for a farce in the clothing which is sparse,
Like the Honourable Jimmy in pyjamas.

I am moved to a paragraph concerning eating and drinking on the stage. The inspiration arose from a mental comparison between the property banquets of oldtime and the real thing of to-day; and the comparison sprang into life as I watched Miss Kate Tyndall in the character of a Little Vagabond eating chicken and wafers on the stage of the Princess's Theatre. When she had gone from the ken of the audience to go back and rob the robbers, I asked her how she managed to simulate appetite. "There is no simulation about the matter," replied the lady simply. "I go without my dinner in order to be hungry enough. Then the food is prepared after my own directions, and I can always enjoy it. The difficulty comes in speaking, and to lessen that I wait to drink until I have finished eating." I think this style of arrangement is miles in front of the old stage meal that could be served up year after year with the aid of a little dusting. It makes acting more

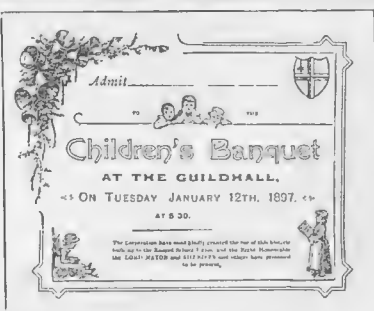
natural and less obvious. I would like to see the custom extended to drinkables as well as eatables. The way men and women lift up wine-glasses on the stage and affect to drink worries me to an almost inconceivable extent. Things are just the same, if not worse, in ballet. Goblets, usually shallow ones, are waved about in a most reckless fashion. Cinquevalli himself could not handle them in that manner, and persuade them to retain their contents. Let me whisper that I have even seen the Spirit of Life hold a goblet upside down in a moment of abstraction, and immediately afterwards hand it to the hero, who has quaffed a deep draught, as though it were a fine brand of '84 champagne. Yet there is some excuse for the old state of things. Only the veriest amateur is sensible of the difficulties of eating and drinking naturally in the view of an audience.

London has narrowly escaped one sensation in the world of variety, and at moment of writing is threatened by another. The first took the remarkably dainty shape of such a living-picture as only Paris would submit to. For two or three nights authorities at the Royal Music Hall seemed to be unconscious of the fact that they were providing a sensation. As the poet has observed, or meant to observe, "Where ignorance spells profit t'were folly to be otherwise." Just about the moment when I had been advised, for the twenty-seventh time, to go to the Royal without delay, the picture was removed and will not be repeated. I think that the management is well advised. The other rumoured sensation, which may be developed into a fact by the time these lines face the reader, is of an entertainment by a real live Egyptian princess. The lady has given one or two trial shows which are calculated to startle those who understand the signification of the movements. I do not seriously believe that she will be permitted to dance in London. A revival of the quaint and barbarous measures that in olden time had a deep religious justification would not be accepted by the average amusement-seeker in a proper spirit. There may be a deal of talk about art and the purity of all things to people pure, but such talk is nonsense and need deceive nobody. Managers run their houses for profit and not in the interests of art, and were there no suspicion of riskiness about nude pictures and Eastern dances, they would not attract. Of course, we don't say as much when County Councillors have their annual attack of propriety fever, or when



AT THE COVENT GARDEN BALL.

perfidious enthusiasts like the Society for the Propagation of Prudes go out upon the war-path. None the less, facts are stubborn things, and when Licensing Day is over we may pray to be delivered from either kind of cant.



THE
President & Council of the Birkbeck Institution
REQUEST THE PLEASURE OF
At the SEVENTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY
Distribution of Prizes & Certificates,
THE RT. HON. LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN,
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.
On Thursday Evening, January 14th, 1897,
At 8 p.m.
THE CHAIR WILL BE TAKEN BY THE RT. HON. THE LORD MAYOR,
SUPPORTED BY THE SHERIFFS.
Platform.

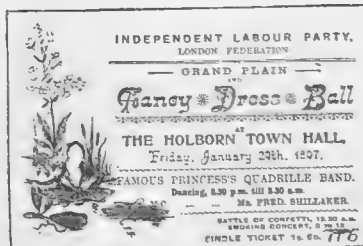
Byron Anne's Mansions,
St. James's Park, S.W.
The honor of the Company of
The Editor of *Sketch*
is requested at a Luncheon on
MONDAY, JANUARY 11th, 1897,
in the GRAND DINING HALL of
QUEEN ANNE'S MANSIONS,
to celebrate the Twenty-first Anniversary of the
opening.
Inspection 12.45 p.m. Luncheon 1.30 p.m.

The Committee of
The New Lyric Club, Coventry, &c.
request the honour of
The Editor of
Company at a Concert,
on Sunday 10th Jan'y 1897
at 9.45 o'clock p.m.

THIS CARD TO BE PRESENTED ON ADMISSION
Drapers' Hall, Chancery Lane, E.C.
THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON MANUAL TRAINING
Appointed by the School Board for London, the City and Suburbs of London Inc. 1886,
and the Municipal Council of London.
DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES
The Right Honourable Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., H.P.,
THE DRAPERS' HALL,
On WEDNESDAY, 24th FEBRUARY, 1897, at FIVE p.m.
Please Admit.
Master of the Drapers' Company—Rev. Henry Jones, D.D.
Chairman of the Joint Committee—Justice W. Unwin, Esq., J.P.

NOT TRANSFERABLE.] BODY OF HALL
Meeting of Farewell to Archbishop Temple
ON LEAVING THE DIOCESE OF LONDON.
GUILDHALL, MONDAY, JANUARY 16th, 1897.
THE COMMITTEE REQUEST THE COMPANY OF
Sketch
AT 5.45 P.M. (DOORS OPEN AT 5.15 P.M.)
THE LORD MAYOR WILL TAKE THE CHAIR AT 6.0 P.M.
It is intended to present to the ARCHBISHOP an
ADDRESS from the CLERGY of the LONDON DIOCESE,
ADDRESSES from the DIOCESEAN SOCIETIES,
THE SEALS for the DIOCESE of CANTERBURY from the
OFFICE BEARERS of the DIOCESE of LONDON,
And to Mrs. TEMPLE
The REPLICAS of the PORTRAIT recently painted by Professor Herkomer
for Fulham Palace.
It is expected that the Meeting will conclude about 6.0 P.M.
A Reply is requested, addressed to the SECRETARY, FAREWELL COMMITTEE,
CHAPTER HOUSE, ST. PAUL'S, E.C.
THIS CARD TO BE PRESENTED AT THE DOOR.

1897.
St. Paul's Cathedral.
CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.
DEDICATION FESTIVAL SERVICE,
MONDAY, JANUARY 25th, at 4 p.m.
RESERVED SEAT.
Enter by S.E. Gate, Facing Westing Street.
POST, GREGORY, Don.



Not Transferable
Juvenile Fancy Dress Ball,
Mansion House,
Monday, January 18th, 1897.
Reception from 7 to 8 o'clock.
Admit Free Skates.
Each Guest is desired to bring a Card stating Name & Fancy
Dress Character assumed for announcement by the Stands.
Fancy Dress for Children. Evening Dress for Adults.
This Card must be presented on Admission.

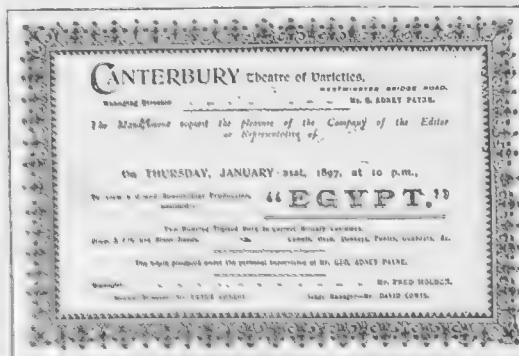
No. 102 GENTLEMAN'S SINGLE TICKET. NOT TRANSFERABLE.
Royal Opera House Covent Garden.
The Season of the Italian Operatic.
Admit
Fancy Dress Ball
Friday, January 15th, 1897.
DANCING AT 11 P.M.
FANCY DRESS INDISPENSABLE.

Press
London Scottish Life Volunteers.
ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES
LADY METHUEN,
HEAD-QUARTERS, JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM GATE, S.W.,
On Friday, 22nd January, 1897.
PRESENTATION 8.15 P.M. TO BE FOLLOWED BY A CONCERT.
ADMIT ONE.
R.S.V.P. to Secretary at Head-Quarters by 15th January, 1897.
LADIES, Morning Dress. GENTLEMEN, Uniform of the Regiment.

Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours,
54, Pall Mall East.
is invited to view the SPECIAL EXHIBITION of Works
by the lately deceased Members:
LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A., A. W. HUNT, G. A. FRIPP, A. D. FRIPP,
R. BEAVIS, E. K. JOHNSON, AND GEORGE DU MAURIER,
on Monday, January 25th, 1897;
also to the Private View on Tuesday, January 26th, and
during the continuance of the Exhibition.
NOT TRANSFERABLE. B. J. HODSON, Secretary.

The Hon. Michael Sandys
requests the pleasure of the Company of
to view the products of 'Pilsen',
at the Works, 31 Orchard Place, Blackwall,
on Tuesday next, the 19th inst.
Special Carriages will be provided on the train leaving Fenchurch Street at 1.15.
7. London & South Coast, London, January 15th, 1897.
R.S.V.P. to Secretary at 1.15 p.m.

THE SOCIETY OF WOMEN JOURNALISTS.
President: THE HON. MRS. ALFRED DRAKE.
Winter Session, 1897.
(Closed to the Public)
To the Society of Arts, 15, Abchurch Lane, London.
On Friday 22nd January, 1897, at 8.30 o'clock.
RAYMOND BLATHWAY, Esq.,
ON "THE ART OF INTERVIEWING."
THE CHAIR WILL BE TAKEN BY THE HON. MR. WINDHAM.
Signed by: *James Sandys*
R.S.V.P. to the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Drake, 15, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.



A very curious advertisement recently appeared in a newspaper published in Hayti. The advertiser, the wife of a General holding an official appointment of importance, announced that henceforward she was prepared to let out her hearse at the seemingly moderate price of ten gourds. Her husband was formerly candidate for the Presidency of the Haytian Republic, and his competitors on that occasion bore such extraordinary names, for instance, as Tiresias Simon Sam, Versandre Stuart, and Surin Mardi-Gras. The oddness of these names was on a par with that of the lady's advertisement.

A stage version of Mr. Rider Haggard's romance "She"—not, of course, that in which the late Miss Sophie Eyre sustained the title-rôle at the Gaiety in 1888—has lately been brought out successfully at a San Francisco theatre.



A new *She* has gone to South Africa for the first time, in the person of Miss Marie Lloyd, who on Sunday week entertained her friends to dinner at the Trocadero. All music-halldom was there, and the feast lasted from six to six. Mr. George Adney Payne presided, and Mr. Dan Leno toasted the Press. Miss Marie appears at Johannesburg under the auspices of the Hymans.

Pleasant reports reach me with regard to the success as a vocalist made in South Africa by Madame

Fanny Moody, whom her West Country friends love to call "the Cornish Nightingale." Some of the Cape papers have gone into raptures over Madame Moody's vocal charms, and also over her skill as an actress; and her husband, Mr. Charles Manners, and the other members of the party have also gained a fair share of praise. Madame Fanny Moody is now in her prime, physically and artistically, and Londoners will be pleased to hear her again on opera-boards and concert-platforms. I always regard her as Madame Sainton-Dolby's very best pupil.

This week I give another batch of portraits of the dramatic critics of London. But not without qualms of conscience, for the publicity may be fatal. At any rate, Mr. Clement Scott has been telling the readers of the *Whitehall Review* some of the sorrows of a critic's life. Scarcely a day passes without his receiving a letter from some young and enthusiastic playgoer asking how to become a dramatic critic, what books he ought to read, what authorities he should consult, and what entertainments he should visit, accompanying a whole string of questions with specimens of his amateur work. "I have often said," says Mr. Scott, "that if I had been a lawyer I should have made a small fortune by this time. Every letter answered would have been 6s. 8d. to the good. But, as matters stand, every letter I write to strangers about matters that do not concern me in the least costs me out of pocket far more than 6s. 8d. in loss of time."

If you want to be a critic of the play,
And long to have a paper in your sway,
You need never lack a model, if you haven't got the noddle
To carve out an individu'listic way.
But since Mr. Scott refuses introductions to the Muses,
I shall give you information, if I may.

You must bounce upon your public with a fad—
All the better if the people think him mad,
For you know that every critic must be either Ibsenitic
Or denounce the mighty Master as a cad,
Regarding Mr. Archer as a melancholy marcher,
Who is bent on making other people sad.

If you want to blaze on London like a *Star*,
You must know the trick of turning out a par
Which is written polyglottly, very anti-Clement Scotty,
So that readers really dunno where you are;
Make it French and mathematic, with a dash of classic Attic,
And begin it with a philosophic spar.

If you long to make a humorous success,
You had better go and copy G. B. S.,
Who can always diatribe us on the gibbet or the Gibus
Or the prejudice that managers possess;
Be amusing and sardonic, and drag in the Philharmonic,
With some references to Wagner more or less.

There indeed are many pulpits, but the pew
Is always on the scent for something new
That is neither *Telegraphy* nor so dominantly chaffy
As the shamrock on the *Saturday Review*.
So I hope you will commend me when I beg of you to send me
Six-and-eightpence for the payment of my cue.

HOORS D'ŒUVRES.

That estimable organisation, the Playgoer's Club, whose precise object and *raison d'être* I have never been able to grasp, has lately held a not very instructive debate concerning "organised opposition" at theatres. The general feeling of the speakers seemed to be that there never was any such thing; that any demonstration of disapproval during a piece, any disturbance, was simply the spontaneous expression of a genuine feeling.

Of course, we know the conceited author, the pig-headed manager, the egoistic actor to whom all disapproval must seem the outcome of a mean and envious conspiracy. If one of them gets "the bird," he can give the history of the particular goose club that has been preparing for him since last Christmas. And it is tolerably certain that there is not and cannot well be any organisation that tries to damn all plays impartially. There are certain theatres and certain classes of pieces at which there has never been a dream of any opposition, organised or otherwise. Anyone who hooted during an Irving performance at the Lyceum would be arrested for brawling in church, and rightly so.

But at certain theatres and during certain pieces, a first-night row of some sort has become almost usual. Sometimes it is merely the rough horseplay of gallery-boys, loyal at heart, and means no harm; sometimes it is the resentment of those who have suffered from overcrowding and long waiting, and do not find the interest of the piece enough to repay them. Occasionally the uproar is caused by some specific piece of bad taste, or by the general badness of the play or its rendering, or by the evident presence of a *claque*. It may be that some section of the audience resents a political or other allusion. But occasionally—and rather more often than seems to be believed by Playgoers and others—there is a privately organised opposition.

This opposition may come from two sources—personal enmity, generally towards the manager, and trade rivalry. Every successful head of a theatre must make a good many envious rivals and some unscrupulous enemies. A few men sent into the gallery and pit with general orders to show ostentatious weariness, to call attention to weak points, and to lead or aid any demonstration of disapproval, can, if skilfully directed and dispersed, leaven the uncertain mass, turn the wavering scale against a play of doubtful merit, and—most important of all—can so upset the actors, already overstrained by "first-night nervousness," as to prevent them from getting out of the remainder of the piece any value that may be in it.

There is no need to do this openly, or so that it can be detected. We all know that the *claque* is found in England as in France, though its existence is ignored and denied. First-night audiences are often organised with great skill to secure approval. Yet no one could say where the *claqueurs* sit, nor who they are. What can be done for applause can also be done for disapproval, and it is done, though far less often. On the first night of one "musical comedy" a party of men in the gallery ostentatiously turned their faces from the stage, and played Nap throughout the piece. Was this the genuine verdict of the independent public? It was an ingeniously organised demonstration.

And the worst of *claque* and anti-*claque* is that both are apt to mislead the critics. Many of the latter try rather to follow than to lead popular opinion, and, though they have begun to see through the hollowness of organised applause, they have not yet grasped the difference between spontaneous and organised hissing. A first night has such a factitious and excessive importance in critical eyes that one can conceive a slight hitch or two and a burst of arranged hooting wrecking a piece that deserved and might have commanded success; and the critics, misled by the accidental circumstances of the first night, might condemn as worthless a play that they had really never seen.

A really "good" piece—in the sense of having the qualities necessary for a popular success—cannot be lost by organised opposition any more than a bad piece, or a piece that does not happen to hit the general taste, can be saved by a *claque*. But there are some pieces, particularly the so-called "musical comedies" of the day, that are peculiarly open to attack. They are invariably too long on the first night, from the desire to cram in as many successful numbers as possible; they always contain some weak parts, and generally some very weak parts, and it is usual, however critics may decry the practice, for some needful changes to be overlooked till suggested by actual stage-experience before a real public.

If the hissing and hooting (if any) be reserved till the end, "organised opposition" will be baffled, for it will be drowned, either in genuine applause or in genuine disapproval. Some critics have scouted this as impossible. Surely any person with the least bit of self-control can restrain himself from hooting for an hour. Even the vilest criminal can claim to be heard to the end before he is condemned.

But the proper way to regard the matter is from the point of view of the audience. The man who hisses and hoots during the performance of a play disturbs the actors, and prevents the rest of the audience from hearing what they have paid to hear. He is even more of a nuisance to his neighbours than the *matinée-hat*, and should be treated as such—and sat on.

MARMITON.

THE DRAMATIC CRITICS OF LONDON.—XIII-XVI.

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



MR. EDWARD ROSE (LATE OF THE "SUNDAY TIMES").



THE "WORLD" (MR. WILLIAM ARCHER).



THE "SUN" (MR. H. G. HIBBERT).



THE "REFEREE" (MR. E. B. MORTON).

THE GREAT PUBLISHING HOUSES.

XX.—W. AND R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED.

The firm of W. and R. Chambers has since its commencement, nearly seventy years ago, been honourably associated with the movement for the dissemination at the cheapest possible price of sound, attractive, and instructive literature. The founder was William Chambers, a man whom Tennyson might have had in his eye when he wrote—

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star.

To him it was given by indomitable courage, perseverance, and resource to carve his way upwards to position and fame. Associated with him was his brother Robert, younger by two years—a man, perhaps, of finer grain, whose tastes were towards authorship, and who for many years was responsible for the literary character of the magazine which had so much to do with the fortunes of the firm. In the memoir of his brother Robert and in his own autobiography the late William Chambers has left an account of his early struggles, which forms a chapter of romance not easily paralleled in the history of the publishing trade.

Born in Peebles in 1800, William Chambers came of a good Border stock; but through parental business misfortunes he and his brother were thrown upon the world at an early age to make their way in it. Having removed to Edinburgh, William Chambers became at the age of fourteen a bookseller's apprentice; and he tells us how, during the five years of his probation, he managed to board, lodge, and educate himself upon his modest wages of four shillings a-week. His apprenticeship having expired, he started as a bookseller on his own account with a capital of five shillings and a selection of books obtained on credit from a friendly Englishman, to the value of ten pounds. With this stock-in-trade he opened a small shop in Leith Walk. Fortune favoured him, and the successful start then made was energetically followed up. Having bought an old font of types and a rickety hand-press, he became a jobbing printer and publisher, and among other feats he set up with his own hands, printed, bound, and published, a small edition of the songs of Robert Burns, the profit from which amounted to eight pounds. With this sum he purchased new type and started a periodical called the *Kaleidoscope, or Edinburgh Literary Amusement*, of which Robert Chambers acted as editor. It, however, had only a brief career of four months, between October 1821 and January 1822. William Chambers next published "The Traditions of Edinburgh," the first important work written by his brother Robert. The book drew forth an eulogium from Sir Walter Scott, and has still a high place among volumes of historic and antiquarian lore relating to old Edinburgh.

The starting of *Chambers's Journal*, which was to bring fortune to the firm, was due solely to the foresight and initiative of William Chambers. The period was propitious. Schools of art and mechanics' institutions were coming into existence; newspapers were still dear, and cheap and worthless publications found a ready sale among the awakening masses. Mr. Chambers saw his chance and used it well. In January 1832 the prospectus was issued of the journal, and the first number appeared on Saturday, Feb. 4, of the same year. The price was 1½d. Avoiding sectarian and controversial bias, *Chambers's Journal* from the outset "caught on."

Thirty thousand copies were sold of the first issue. The circulation mounted steadily until 50,000 a-week was attained, and in a few years it had reached a weekly sale of 80,000. Robert Chambers joined the concern at the fourteenth number, and from that time dates the firm of W. and R. Chambers. The bulk of the commercial work was undertaken by William Chambers, whose pen, however, was by no means idle, while the literary affairs fell naturally into the hands of Robert, whose essays and articles, of a familiar and humorous description, had much to do with the popularity which the magazine so early attained.



MR. CHARLES E. S. CHAMBERS.

Photo by Crooke, Edinburgh.

In *Chambers's Journal* have seen the light some of the first productions of many authors subsequently famous. These include Dinah Maria Muloch, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, David Christie Murray, Dr. Conan Doyle, and Stanley Weyman.

In 1833 was projected and issued the work styled "Chambers's Information for the People," and 1835 saw the first of "Chambers's Educational Course," consisting of treatises and school-books constructed according to the most advanced views of education, both as a science and as an art. These have now branched into many series, which have found their way by millions into the hands of studious youth in Britain



WILLIAM CHAMBERS.



ROBERT CHAMBERS.

and the Colonies. Without reckoning the smaller books, the various educational series comprise some two hundred and fifty volumes. The year 1859 saw the commencement of a greater effort than any yet attempted, namely, the issue of "Chambers's Encyclopædia—a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People," the ten volumes of which were not completed until 1868. It was justly described by the two brothers as their "crowning effort" in cheap and instructive literature, and it had, and continues to have, a world-wide fame. Meantime, the establishment in High Street, to which the firm early removed, had immensely developed, and become what William Chambers called "a great book-factory," with editors, compositors, stereotypers, wood-engravers, printers, bookbinders, and other workers engaged in the preparation and dispersal of books and periodicals.

Robert Chambers died in 1871. He was author of about seventy volumes, besides papers innumerable, and for his services to literature the University of St. Andrews conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D. Among his most important works are "The Traditions of Edinburgh" and his "Life of Burns" (four volumes, 1851), which soon came to be regarded as the standard edition. The proceeds of the sale were made over by the editor to a fund for Burns' widow and children. It was long surmised, but only definitely admitted in 1884, that Dr. Robert Chambers was author of that remarkable preparation for Darwin, "The Vestiges of Creation."

William Chambers survived his brother for twelve years. The later period of his life, from 1865 onward, was one of great honour and activity. In that year he was spontaneously elected to be Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and his civic reign, which lasted for four years, was marked by the passing of a City Improvement Act, which effected a great reformation in the sanitary and social state of the capital of Scotland. He, too, received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Edinburgh. The last few years of his life were closely associated with the restoration of St. Giles' Cathedral—a patriotic undertaking which cost him between twenty and thirty thousand pounds. The purchase of the estate of Glenormiston had brought Dr. William Chambers into close contact with his native town of Peebles, and to it he presented a handsome institute, with reading-room, lecture-hall, and museum.

In 1874, eight years before the death of his uncle, the management of the literary projects of the firm, including the editorship of *Chambers's Journal*, had passed into the hands of Mr. Robert Chambers, a son of Dr. Robert Chambers, who inherited much of his father's literary ability. Apart from his business, he was known as a famous golfer, and wrote an excellent treatise on that royal and ancient game. Soon after the death, in 1888, of Robert Chambers the second, the firm was reconstructed as a limited liability company, with Mr. Charles E. S. Chambers (who had entered the service of the firm in 1876) as chairman and editor, and Mr. Robert Mowat, already a partner, as managing director. Under its present head the enterprise has continued to develop on the same lines—lengthening its cords and strengthening its stakes. Since the death of Mr. Mowat last year, Mr. Gordon Milligan has had charge of the practical management at the High Street. A new edition of the "Encyclopædia," practically a new work, though on the same plan, had been begun in 1888 and was completed in 1892. Such a work in ten volumes, with 8284 large pages, is, it has been pointed out, equal in size to a library of eighty volumes each of 414 demy 8vo pages. The centenary of the death of Robert Burns has also been signalled by a new edition of Dr. Robert Chambers's "Life and Works of Burns," revised and edited by Mr. William Wallace, which incorporates much new matter and is illustrated by a series of notable Scottish artists. The various departments of the works are carried on almost wholly in the Edinburgh offices.

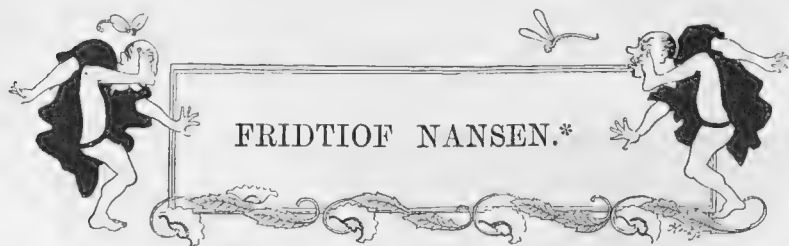
The London office in Paternoster Row is a distributing and publishing centre only for books printed and bound in Edinburgh. Lord Beaconsfield, when presented with the freedom of Edinburgh, spoke of the application of literature to the world generally as a distinctive feature of the present age, and in this connection said, "I do not think that the name of Chambers will ever be mentioned without sentiments of gratitude"—a feeling which will be shared by thousands throughout the world who have enjoyed the benefit of the excellent literature provided by the firm.

W. M. G.



RUTH THE
MOABITESS.

Nº 1. And she went, and came,
and gleaned in the field
after the reapers.



The sharp northern cape of Denmark points right across the Skager Rak to the narrow busy Fiord leading to Christiania, the capital of Norway. Twice up that Fiord has Fridtjof Nansen passed in triumphal progress, amid abundance of bunting and salutes of cannon—once in 1889, as a young man of twenty-eight, from his successful pioneer march across Greenland, once in 1896, still a young man, from one of the most daring of Polar expeditions. As a boy he knew that Fiord well. At the beginning of the 'sixties his father, a little, dapper, methodical lawyer in the capital, had taken up his residence, some two miles out of town, at the large and delightful farm of Froen, flanked by the wide, wild, mountainous region of Nordmarken, just the proper training-place to bring up a young Arctic explorer. True to the dictum of anthropological sages, the quiet little lawyer had married a tall woman, with a mind and will of her own; in fact, a New Woman that, in her younger days, had shocked the sense of propriety of neighbouring Mrs. Grundys. True to Nature, the characters of the parents crossed, and the eldest son, Fridtjof Nansen, inherited his mother's build of body, strength of will, and dauntless energy. At the farm and among the valleys, woods, peaks, snows, and glaciers of Nordmarken, young Nansen spent the first twenty years of life in teaching his muscles, his appetites, his natural man, to be the humble servants of his will amid the harshest combinations that the natural elements could offer him. Of all places a farm is the best of birthplaces, and when a hinterland like Nordmarken is thrown in, Providence could give no more to form a fit cradle for an Arctic explorer.

When a man bursts through the parochial fame of a county or country, and comes to stand famous in the eyes of all Europe, the first matter a practical mind inquires into is, how was the hero equipped with this world's gear when he seized the combination of circumstances that made his ladder to fame? The translator has done his work uncommonly well, but on this point the authors have given him nothing to give us. The Nansens were evidently in easy circumstances, and at no point of his career, as far as I can see, has Nansen been hampered by "bread-and-butter" considerations. The authors, too, are unfortunately silent concerning the literature of his youth, the table-talk of the farm-house, the conversation of the students, the heroes they talked of—in fact, of every circumstance that forms and fixes the ambition of young fellows. But of this we may be sure. The rampant spirit of scientific research had spread from Germany to the fiords and moved the ablest minds at the Norse seats of learning to rival their powerful Southern neighbours. When Nansen matriculated at the University in 1880, evidently he was already infected with the spirit of scientific research, and chose zoology as his subject of study, the most hopeless of all subjects from a bread-and-butter point of view. After a couple of years at college, as a young dare-devil of twenty-one, with merely the rudiments of zoology in him, he sailed one fine March morning on board a sealer bound for an Arctic cruise, just as many an Aberdeen student has sailed from the opposite side of the North Sea. On his return, the Professor who had despatched him had the post of Curator to the Museum in Bergen waiting him. Nansen settled down to his microscope, and in the five following years did three promising pieces of research that would in time have made him known abroad to a few specialists on worms, fishes, and nerve-structure, and, perhaps, gained him a chair in his University. But when on the sealer two sights killed the zoologist in him. He saw in the fleet of sealers the *Vega*, the little steamer in which that veteran Swede, Nordenskiöld, had made the crowning cruise of the North-East Passage. He saw, too, lying before him like a temptation, the great ice-bound back of Greenland, which many had attempted but no one had managed to cross.

At Bergen he could with difficulty repress his giant energy in a microscopist's chair; the spirit of adventure was roused; he knew he was the man to cross Greenland if ever the foolhardy task could be done. The difficulty was to convince others; but here the most wonderful trait of the man came out. An utter stranger, in a sailor's jersey, turned up, one morning, at the University of Stockholm to see and consult the veteran Nordenskiöld. The stranger had but to show his fine face and open his mouth, and all the Professors round were convinced that the man before them was the fit and proper person for the most forlorn of hopes, even the madcap freak of crossing Greenland. He had the most implicit confidence in himself, and, what is much more, the happy charm of convincing whomever he met that his self-assurance was the legitimate outcome of his great abilities. Yet, when he asked for three hundred pounds from what may be called the Royal Society of Norway, as the sinews of war for the Greenland trip, the wise men shook their heads. Mr. Gamél, a private merchant in Copenhagen, came forward, and the expedition started upon the most successful and masterly Arctic journey ever made. Nothing succeeds like success, and the capitals of Europe greeted him as a hero when he returned.

When he started on his Polar journey in 1892 there were lacking neither funds, friends, nor followers. The Greenland journey killed the zoologist in him, and brought him at one bound to the front rank of explorers. Then came the period of good dinners and soft speeches, medals and decorations, bestowing of orders and memberships, and all the other things that fall to popular heroes at a certain stage of their career; but when a biography reaches that stage, it becomes stale and inane as the marriage grouping in the final scene of a comedy.

"If he took an hour's holiday and became a human being again," say his biographers, "he repented of it afterwards." That is the price great men pay for fame. They do not know the beauty and happiness of perfect idleness. But, for all that, little points through this biography show that Nansen still retains many of the richest sources of human happiness. He has a great heart, a rich, emotional mind, sensitive as a poet to the great beauties of nature, and fond of music, especially the patriotic and lyric songs of his own land. He hates society and all its conventional ways, but is devoted to his home, his wife, and his little daughter "Liv." "To require little is a better capital than to earn much," is Nansen's philosophy of life, and therein the Vikings' son shows the wisdom of his country.

NATURAL HISTORY FROM FIRST TO LAST.*

The boom we are having in natural history has given us this season two books which deal with the very beginnings and most up-to-date aspects of this fascinating subject. "What was only a pleasant figment in the fountain," says Sir Thomas Browne, "became a solemn story in the stream," and the statement explains the nature of the greater part of the animal lore of the ancients. The line between the ancients and moderns is drawn by Mr. Watkins at Shakspeare's time, when credulity and love of the marvellous began to give way for a sceptical investigation to find out how things really are. Naturalists have got little of scientific value from the ancients; nevertheless, ordinary people derive considerable pleasure from a perusal of their amusing fables and stories. Herodotus assured his readers that a lion bore but one cub, and never could bear another, because the sharp claws of the firstborn destroyed the womb. "An old woman's fable," said Aristotle, and thereupon coined another fable, which was to the effect that a lioness bore five cubs at first, then four, and so on, in a decreasing ratio, until she became sterile. "But before I write further of this bird (the owl)," says Pliny, "I cannot overpass the vanities of Magicians which herein appeareth most evidently; for over and besides many other monstrous lies which they have devised, they give it out that, if one do lay the heart of a Scirch-Owle on the left pap of a woman as she lies asleep, she will disclose and utter all the secrets of her heart." These may be taken as fairly representative specimens of the manner in which the ancients dealt with natural history subjects.

One of the most entertaining characters that Mr. Watkins makes us acquainted with is John Caius, who was one of the founders of Caius College, Cambridge, and who wrote the first systematic English book on dogs, entitled "Of Englishe Dogges, the Diversities, the Names, the Natures, and the Properties." His design is to "empresse and declare in due order the grand and generall kinde of English Dogges." Pet dogs were looked upon with disfavour by Dr. Caius. "These dogges are litle, pretty, proper and fyne, and sought for to satisfie the delicatenesse of daintie dames and wanton women." Skye-terriers, too, were no favourites of Dr. Caius, nor, indeed, was anything Scotch. "A beggerly beast," he calls it, "brought out of barbarous borders, fro' the uttermost countryes Northward, etc., we stare at, we gaze at, we muse, we marvaile at, like an asse of Cumanum, like Thales with the brassen shanks, like the man in the Moone." Mr. Watkins was clearly right in treating the old English physician as an ancient. The brief extracts show the nature of Mr. Watkins' gleanings from ancient natural history; they have cost him a deal of labour, and will afford the reader a deal of pleasure.

That is the start of the subject. On the other hand, publishers are vying with one another to produce text-books of the most modern facts and treatment. This is becoming increasingly difficult.

It was an easy matter to write a book on natural history a hundred years ago. The animal kingdom as it was known then consisted only of a few hundred different kinds, and anecdotes and all sorts of fairy-tales could be legitimately mixed up with a dry assortment of facts. But now the writing of a text-book on natural history is a different matter. Naturalists have been very busy during the last hundred years discovering new animals in all quarters of the globe, and describing them in all kinds of languages. Known animals are now numbered not by hundreds of kinds, but by hundreds of thousands, 386,000 being the total of the last census. This fact alone shows what a herculean task it must be to write a work giving an up-to-date description of the animal kingdom. "The Royal Natural History" is, perhaps, the most successful effort that has yet been made to provide both specialists and the public alike with an interesting, full, and accurate introduction to the study of the 386,000 species that make up the animal kingdom, and Mr. Lydekker, the editor, is to be congratulated on the completion of his enormous labour. Modern works on natural history have the immense advantage of being provided with a wealth of accurate and highly finished illustrations, and Messrs. Warne and Co. have spared no expense in this direction.

* "Gleanings from the Natural History of the Ancients." By the Rev. M. G. Watkins, M.A. London: Elliot Stock.
 "The Royal Natural History." Edited by Richard Lydekker, B.A., F.R.S., with a Preface by P. L. Slater, M.A., F.R.S. Vol. VI. London: Frederick Warne and Co.

* "Fridtjof Nansen, 1861-1893." By W. G. Brøgger and Nordahl Rolfsen. Translated by William Archer. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

THE QUAINTEST BIRD ON EARTH.

When, some eighty years ago, Captain Barclay brought to England, in the good ship *Providence*, the first specimen of the extraordinary bird represented on this page, the bird-men of the day were very sorely puzzled. The natives of New Zealand called it the kiwi; but the British scientist called it the *apteryx*, because it had no wings, or, at any rate, only little flappers not worth calling wings. Most of them thought it

while in New Zealand. During the daytime the bird hid itself away and went into a sound sleep, from which it could only be temporarily roused by vigorous poking. But when darkness came on it woke up, and apparently became quite lively; but even Sir W. J. Buller could not see what it was doing, until he devised a very cunning experiment. He took one of the larger glow-worms that abound in New Zealand, a worm measuring about fifteen inches in length and covered with a glowing phosphorescent slime, and threw it to the captive kiwi. By the light of



THE APTERYX (MANTELLI).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S.

some kind of penguin; but, some years later, Yarrell, who was a great authority on birds, showed that it belonged to the ostrich and emu tribe. It is but a small fellow, being about the size of a not very large ordinary fowl, but lays an egg that, in point of size, an ostrich need not be ashamed of. It has the thick, scaly, clumsy legs of the ostrich tribe, and in defence uses them, with their large claws, in exactly the same forward-thrusting manner as struthious birds. Its feathers, too, which look more like hair than feathers, give it another point of agreement with the tribe of birds to which it belongs.

The use of the long, snipe-like beak was a puzzle for naturalists until Sir W. J. Buller made a study of a kiwi he captured and kept captive

its own lamp, the glow-worm was seen to quickly pass from head to tail inside the portals of the kiwi's beak, and leave behind it enough of its slime to set off the bird's beak in a phosphorescent glow, so that the head of the bird was visible in the darkness. The kiwi was torpid and lazy in the daytime, but at night it was seen to dart about, thrusting its illuminated beak in every worm-burrow it came across, gently feeling for the inhabitant of the burrow and dragging it forth, little by little, taking the greatest care not to break its prey. It made captive after captive disappear with the greatest celerity. There is always a specimen of this bird in the "Zoo," the present inhabitant there being the original of the illustration given herewith.

STAGE CHILDREN.

Christmas and the weeks that open the year bring the children to the theatre as nothing else can do, and it is appropriate that other children should amuse them, and this year there is an unusually clever set of mummers in miniature at several theatres—Master Stewart Dawson and Miss Valli Valli at Terry's in "Holly-Tree Inn"; Miss Geraldine Somerset in "Aladdin," at the Lane; and the prettiest little Pierrot you ever saw (in shape of tiny Mdle. Gaudry) in "A Pierrot's Life," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.



MISS GERALDINE SOMERSET.

Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

Her earliest performances were given at private "at homes," when she sang songs with action in the style of Miss Letty Lind, and enchanted her audience by delivering "The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," from the vantage-ground of a grand piano, where she was placed in order that she might be seen. Little Valli has played in the opera of "The Lady of Longford," in "The Duchess of Coolgardie," in last year's pantomime at Drury Lane, when she and her sister appeared together, and she has also appeared on the Continent.

While Valli was telling me her history, we were joined by Lulu Valli, who is her senior by a couple of years, another little actress, with fair hair and round features, in no way resembling the dark-eyed, somewhat elfin Valli. The father of the children is German, and they already speak his language, as well as English and French, and can sing in Italian. Valli has just had an offer from the Chevalier de Bach to play in his opera at Breslau, and confesses to a great affection for the Fatherland. Lulu, whose career more or less corresponds with her sister's, as they have often appeared together, is just due at the Strand Theatre, in "The Prodigal Daughter." When I saw her she was rehearsing for the rôle of a very unlovable child, known as "the holy terror." The little sisters toured in "Morocco Bound," have given concerts, and are in great demand at private parties, and they have travelled nearly all over the kingdom to appear at "at homes." Often in the season

they give first a performance in the afternoon and another in the evening, but are always put to bed for a sleep between the two, and when there is nothing on they are made to retire regularly at half-past seven.

The little girls are absolutely unspoilt and unaffected, and love acting, singing, and dancing; they do lessons at home too with a resident

I shall begin with Valli Valli (writes a *Sketch* representative), because she is the smallest of all the children. I called upon—for I did not see the little French girl—and the younger the generation the more attention it gets. Valli Valli is not yet eight years of age. She is a niece of Mrs. Joseph Watson, who trained little Evelyn Hughes, Mdle. Cornille, and other entertainers, and acquired her first songs only through hearing her aunt instruct others.



LULU AND VALLI VALLI.

Photo by Hana, Strand.

governess, and are learning music also. Valli is a child of divers ambitions; she confessed to me that she likes a part with dying and crying in it; she loves to wear low-necked evening-gowns for her performances, and to have a pocket in every dress.

Then I addressed myself to little Stewart Dawson, while Valli and he busied themselves over some bags of sweets sent by various admirers. This nine-year-old actor is the son of the late Mr. Stewart Dawson, the actor, while his mother's sister is Miss Kate Phillips. He told me at once that, though he liked his present part of Harry very much indeed, his first and favourite character was Algy in "A Woman's Reason." Concerning the rôle of Little Eyolf, in which he scored a success, he was also rather indifferent, while Willie Carlisle, which he played for a night or two in "East Lynne," went quite against the grain, as he found himself inclined to shed real tears on the stage, and he has a great objection to too much pathos, wherein he differs from his stage-sweetheart Valli. Mrs. Stewart Dawson told me that when he passed Lynn Station on the way to Sandringham, where "Holly-Tree Inn" was recently played before the Prince and Princess of Wales, he read the name and remarked in consternation, "Oh, mother, I hope we are not coming to East Lynne!" Little Stewart, or Jacky, as he is generally called, is practically self-taught; save for the rehearsals, he had no coaching for his present part, but has learnt a little from his Auntie Kate. He also taught himself "The Midnight Charge," which he recited at a concert with much success just before Christmas, and it is safe to predict that this intelligent little lad, with the searching blue eyes and gentle manners, will go far in his art.

From Terry's Theatre I made my way to a dressing-room in Drury Lane, where, in the daintiest of silver gauze draperies, sat Miss Geraldine Somerset, aged twelve, the graceful little Genius of the Ring in "Aladdin." This is her third appearance in pantomime; the first year, at the Lyceum, she was the Fly in "Santa Claus," and last winter she appeared as the Spirit of Adventure in "Robinson Crusoe." She confessed to me, however, that she was rather blasé of these virtuous rôles, and hankered after the flesh-pots of Egypt, in the shape of someone malevolent and impish, or, at least, a mortal! Little Geraldine owes some of her success to her dainty style of dancing, which she studied under the principal master and mistress of Alhambra ballets, but she wants to get an acting part, too, in due course. Between her pantomime rôles she has danced in one or two things, and played in a piece of her father's, being a daughter of Mr. C. W. Somerset, the actor. This season she had an offer for Manchester, but preferred to stay on in London. Little Miss Geraldine, who is occasionally coached by her father, is very fond of riding, and devoted to dogs.

The biggest child-player I called on was Miss Dora Barton, who is in her teens, and, though her face is still very young, she played her first grown-up rôle in the beginning of this year in the *lever de rideau* "In Mary's Cottage," at Terry's Theatre. Dora has a capital stage-appearance, with beautiful grey-blue eyes, full of intelligence, soft, wavy hair, and well-cut features. Her father was an actor, and her mother, who is still in the profession, is known as "Miss Mary Barton."

Little Miss Barton's career extends over four years, and she has played quite a variety of parts since the time when she appeared as Susanne in "A Man's Shadow," and toured for ten weeks in that character. By Mr. Tree's wish she was not taught by anyone, but gave her own rendering of the part. She understudied Miss Minnie Terry in "The Silent Battle," subsequently appearing in that rôle, and played in "An Enemy of the People," at the Haymarket. One of her successes was in Dr. Todhunter's "Black Cat," given for a night at the Independent Theatre. In the pantomime of "Cinderella" she was the fairy weaver, and since her professional début has rarely been out of an engagement. When Mr. Tree's company appeared at Balmoral before the Queen, little Dora was one of the pages, Miss Viola Tree being the other; and, later, she played in "Editha's Burglar," at the Haymarket. A very favourite rôle was that of the soldier-boy in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," at the Adelphi Theatre, and, more recently, in Mr. Forbes-Robertson's company, Miss Barton was a page in "For the Crown," and, a year earlier, in "Romeo and Juliet."



MISS DORA BARTON.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

THE NORTH COTSWOLD HOUNDS.

The North Cotswold hunt a charmingly varied country in the North of Gloucestershire. Their territory consists of the high plateau of the Cotswolds and the green vales below, being about equally composed of upland and low-lying grass and arable. Captain Cyril Stacey, late 14th Hussars, is the Master. He purchased the pack this season from Mr. Algernon Rushout, who retired from office last year after hunting the hounds himself for upwards of three-and-twenty seasons. Mr. Rushout took over the country from Lord Coventry. Captain Stacey this season supplemented his entry by a draft of hounds from the Atherstone kennels, and has now a splendid lot of some thirty couple at the kennels in the pretty village of Honeybourne. Hunting with the North Cotswold has attractions of its own due to the variety of the country. One

carry a head, they drive along in such fashion as is seen nowhere else, unless it be occasionally on the unfenced Hampshire or Brighton Downs." There is no risk of over-riding hounds in the North Cotswold stone-wall country on a good scenting day, as there is nothing to stop them; they go over the walls, so never crowd and struggle at gaps as so often happens in hedged countries. This being the condition of things, horses must do "all they know" to live near the pack.

The hunter that is good enough to keep his place in the first flight with the North Cotswold is good enough to hunt with any pack in England, Scotland, or Ireland. Captain Stacey's is not a large country, but the fox population is large, and the hounds meet three days a-week; on two days H. Goddard, the huntsman, carries the horn, and on the third the Master hunts hounds himself. The fields which follow the fortunes of the pack are not large, as the word is understood in "fashionable" countries; there are no towns of any size within the country at all, and the nearest is



THE NORTH COTSWOLD HOUNDS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

day the fox found in the coverts which lie in a continuous chain along the brow of the hills may point for the uplands, where stone walls abound, and give a rousing gallop over a country which often carries a capital scent and over which hounds fairly race. Another day he may point his mask for the vales, where the fences are big and stiff enough to try the boldest hunter; indeed, any man who hunts with Captain Stacey's pack must be mounted on the right stamp of hunter if he mean to be with hounds; he must ride a horse that can gallop, fears neither stone walls nor stiff hedges, can go fast up hill, and is a safe conveyance down a long and steep incline.

The "stone-wall country" of the plateau deserves more extended notice, being a feature of the North Cotswold country and having its counterpart in but few hunting countries in England. In very dry weather the light soil of the hills carries only a poor scent, but after rain scent lies to perfection. Every man who has followed the North Cotswold in a run on their uplands on a day when scent holds well votes racing over the big pastures and clean stone walls the best of fun. It is very fast work at such times; as "Brookly" says, "When hounds can

Cheltenham, on the south, which sends a contingent when the rendezvous is within reach. A field of eighty to a hundred and twenty would be a "crowd" in the North Cotswold country; but, in regard to this, be it remembered that a big and unmanageable field of riders does much more to mar sport than make it. Captain Stacey is very happily circumstanced as a Master; his supporters, for the most part, are landowners and farmers—sportsmen to the backbone. The former know that pheasants and foxes can live and thrive together, and by result the country is as well foxed as any in England. The farmers make a business of breeding hunters, and educate their young horses with the hounds, whence the "curse of fox-hunting," wire, is almost unknown in the North Cotswold territory.

They have enjoyed extremely good sport this season, on the whole. The day on which the photograph was taken from which our illustration is reproduced was, as it happened, a very good one, hounds killing a brace of foxes, one of them after a brilliant run of an hour and ten minutes. Few packs during this season of indifferent scent have scored such a run as this.

THE WOODS IN WINTER.

I had waited anxiously for the first fall of snow. Signs of its coming were not wanting. For several days the thermometer and barometer



AT THE EDGE OF THE GLEN.

had both been steadily sinking; two or three degrees of frost had proved sufficient to make the roads and damp places firm on the surface, though where any depth of moisture had accumulated the brittle crust gave way under pressure, like the crust of a mince-pie between the teeth. It was not, however, till the night of Dec. 16 that snow actually began to fall; but the flakes came down right merrily towards midnight, blown hither and thither by a slight breeze, so I anticipated good prospects for the morrow. Nor did the elements prove disappointing; at half-past seven in the morning a white coating was distinctly visible from the window, and a closer inspection showed that about an inch or so of snow had fallen, just enough to lightly sprinkle the ground, the houses, and trees, without covering up all details in a thick wintry sheet.

The tardy sun had barely tinged the eastern horizon with gold when I set out with camera for the nearest woods. They were not far away, no greater distance than could be covered in a quick walk of twenty minutes. Nature is never so far away as some people who live in the busy towns seem to think. It is only necessary to get a few yards beyond the rows of houses or the factory chimney, just off the municipal doorstep, and there she is, in all her beauty, waiting for admirers.

The trees were plentifully besprinkled with feathery flakes, and their trunks indicated plainly the way the wind had blown on the previous night, for upon the eastern side of each was a thin plaster of snow—a plaster which would soon have been removed by the sun had not that luminary been lost to sight behind the great snow-clouds which had risen in the south-east sky.

I set up the camera with great pride, for it was a new instrument, though there was not a soul about, save once a quarryman passed on the way to his work in the delph half-a-dozen fields away. But, cold as it was, especially to the feet, one's sense of pleasure in a modern apparatus with all the latest improvements must be allowed a few moments' grace, and so I gave more time than really needful to placing the tripod and to racking in and out the "Amber" camera before going on to the operations of focussing and inserting the slide. The wood was almost entirely composed of one species of tree; now an ash, and here and there an elm, spread their naked branches broadly, and an occasional oak might be easily distinguished by the tenacity with which it had clung to its withered brown leaves; but, apart from these few, all the trees were beeches, shorn of every scrap of vernal elegance, their tall, straight trunks rising to a considerable height before throwing out any branches.

Some writer has said—I think it was Twining—that trees are to the landscape what the human features are to a historical picture. They determine the style. Although in the two photographs reproduced trees are decidedly the most important objects, yet how varied an aspect they exhibit, notwithstanding the fact that one view is not more than fifty yards from the other! By the snow on the trunks one can determine the points of the compass; in the first the spectator has his back to the east, in the second to the west.

The last picture had just been taken when I heard the distant town-hall clock strike ten. Two miles only to the centre of the great manufacturing town of Bradford, and yet here we are in the midst of charming scenery, among the poetry of form. How mistaken is the notion that one must go a long way afield or search far and wide to witness the beauties of nature! The eye sees what the mind perceives, and we need rather to cultivate a higher sense of the beautiful than wear out our shoes in fruitless wandering. Nature is on our doorstep.

M. S.

THE GOLD OF SIBERIA.

If it be really true that there exist in Siberia great goldfields as yet unexploited with the help of modern methods, both Westralia and South Africa will sink in the background, and Russia will become even more formidable than she is already. We shall soon see a rush of prospectors to the vast untrodden regions which make up the "land of ill omen," as Siberia has been styled, and the convicts will be "moved on." The Russian prospector is known as a gold-hunter, or "tayeshulk," but anyone is free to look for gold on the measureless tracts of land which are nominally the property of the Russian Government, provided he be the owner of a permit or certificate from the local authorities of the district. Once a prospector has found gold, he is at liberty to strike off a "claim," limited, however, by the Russian mining-law to three miles and a half in length and from five hundred to a thousand feet in breadth. Each "claim" must be registered, and, once this is done, must be constantly worked, otherwise it becomes forfeited to the Crown. It certainly looks as if there was plenty of room there for adventurous Englishmen, especially those who have any knowledge of how a gold-mine should be worked, for up to the present time everything has been done in the most primitive manner; there is literally no underground work at all, for, once the sandy surface of the "claim" is exhausted, it is abandoned.



THE BEECH WOOD, LOOKING EAST.

Photographs by Matthew Surface.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Reproduced herewith is Mr. Walter J. Morgan's pretty fancy, "The Brook," hung in the Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists. The water ripples through a fairy-land of boulders, grasses, and flowers, and in the shallow water a girl, half-bending, bathes her feet to the ankles. Far away the hills stretch to a background of sky checked by delicate trees. The picture is cleverly designed and cleverly composed; the landscape gleams in the sunlight, which is reflected in the bubbles of the brook. The only matter for criticism, perhaps, is that, measured by heads, the girl appears too tall for her apparent age.

It is when you come to compare the illustrated journalism of England to that of the Continent that you begin to realise how immeasurably superior, for the most part, the average merit of

them in their present dress. Why should such things be? Why is the Continental average in this sort of art so extremely low?

At the Fine Art Society's rooms the studies of Lord Leighton may still be seen, and, let it be added, should be seen in connection with the sketches hanging at the Royal Academy's Winter Exhibition. Supplementary to this Fine Art Show is a collection of water-colours by Mr. Thorne Waite, which, if you have seen it before with the Leightons, is by no means undeserving of a second visit. Mr. Waite is really an artist who grows upon one. He has a poetic vision, and he knows, for the most part, how to realise it. Some of his work has been before referred to in these columns, and there can be no doubt that he is among the most charming painters of small landscape that we have. His



THE BROOK.—WALTER J. MORGAN.

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EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

reproduction in this country is over the same quality as shown in other countries. This is not to disparage by any means certain French and German illustrated journals, which hold their own against any rival; one speaks here only of averages. Take, for example, a practically new Italian art publication, the second number of which has just been issued, and which represents for Italy a very high standard in such productions. It is called *La Vita Italiana*.

The letterpress of this magazine is admirable and suggestive. An anonymous paper, for example, "Il Bambino Gesù nell'Arte" ("The Infant Jesus in Art"), is full of significant point from the opening passage, "The antique representations of Venus with the boy Cupid or with the young Adonis probably gave the first inspiration to the Byzantine artists for the figuration of the child Jesus with the Madonna," down to the last sentence; and there are other papers no less interesting. But it is when you turn to the reproductions of pictures that a distressing poverty of achievement is visible. This article on the infancy of Christ in art is, for example, decorated by eight reproductions of the Nativity by various famous artists—Filippo Lippi, Crivelli, Ghirlandais, Albrecht Dürer, and Van Eyck; yet these beautiful pictures are so poorly reproduced in a kind of dull terra-cotta that it is impossible to admire

"Romney Marsh" and his "Hot Day" are among the most brilliant of his achievements; they are full of light, atmosphere, and fine colouring.

The art of Mr. T. Hemy has always been a delight to the lover of sea-painting accomplished in a brilliantly roustering fashion, the fashion that, in the days of our fathers, Clarkson Stanfield made so popular and so beloved. Of that art, or its near kinsman, Mr. Hemy has just painted a remarkable example in the ship *Britannia*. It is a fine piece of painting, done with astonishing sympathy and power; and scarcely less interesting is a series of water-colours, describing the grand ship from many standpoints, with which Mr. Hemy accompanies his picture. This interesting work may be seen at Messrs. Reynolds', 32, St. James's Street.

Has anybody ever seen the Golden Rose, which turns up annually, like the sea-serpent, as having been presented by Leo XIII. to some Queen, Princess, or American heiress? It is announced that it has just been decided to present it to the Duchess of Philip, Crown Prince of Württemberg. Yet the Golden Rose is a beautiful work of art, designed each year after a plan sketched out by eminent hands in the great days of Italian gold-work. This year the design has been entrusted to Signor Tanfani, jeweller to the Vatican.

THE BUILDING OF THE SNOW-MAN

FRANK VER BECK, DISCOVERER
ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, HISTORIAN

[Copyrighted by The Sketch]

It was the week following the arrival of Sir 'Possum in the Dumpy country, and something more than two weeks since the coming of the bear. Dumpling, the King, and Dumpling-ee, his royal spouse, were overjoyed with their new-found friends.

"We must do something to celebrate our good fortune," said Dumpling. "The coming of the bear and Sir 'Possum has been a rare blessing. For has not the former supplied us with a store of honey, and the latter with choice fowls as well as much wisdom concerning their selection and capture?"



"True," said the Dumpling-ee. "Let us at once send for Wiseacre, the sage."

Wiseacre, being summoned, came hastily, and, after reflecting deeply for some moments, spoke thus—

"The snow is getting sticky, Sire, upon the level mead;
I think a man of snow would be about the thing we need.
The Dumpies all will come, I know, Sir 'Possum and the bear,
To join a revel in the snow, and Topsy-loo the fair."

"'Tis well," the Dumpling then replied; "now let the bugles blow,
For all the Dumpy folk to come and build a man of snow."



So the heralds went forth blowing their trumpets and declaring the Dumpling's purpose, and the Dumpy people gathered thickly. Also came the she-bear and her cubs, and Sir 'Possum, who, after only a week's stay, had already become heavier of body and shorter of limb. Topsy-loo came between Commodore and Jolly-boy, her adorers.

Wide-out dragged her little brother Flat-top and carried him over deep places. The work was begun with great eagerness.

They hastened gaily to and fro—with many funny falls;
They sported with the heavy snow and rolled it into balls;
And Commodore and Jolly-boy continually tried
To linger close to Topsy-loo and labour by her side.
And hard and harder laboured they to build a man of snow.
But still, in spite of all their toil, he did not seem to grow.

They piled and plastered snow on him, but could not make it stay,
For, though the day was cold enough it seemed to melt away.
Then suddenly to Wiseacre the she-bear slyly came,
And whispered something in his ear—the small bears did the same.



"I am sure it is the fault of Jolly-boy," whispered the she-bear.

"Yes, we are sure it is the fault of Jolly-boy," whispered all the little bears.

"His affection for Topsy-loo is too warm," said the big bear.



"Too warm entirely," echoed all the little bears.

"It melts the snow faster than we can bring it," declared the big bear.

"Yes, a good deal faster," chorused the little bears.

Then Wiseacre, the Dumpy sage, was very much perplexed,
And as he watched the Snow-man melt his soul was sorely vexed.

He called Sir 'Possum and the bears and all the Dumpies round,
And formed of them an audience, all seated on the ground.

And then he called poor Jolly-boy, whose features were aglow
From keeping up with Topsy-loo and toiling in the snow;

And Wiseacre severely looked at Jolly-boy, and felt

His pulse, and said, "Your ardour, sir, has caused the snow to melt.

Our man of snow has failed to grow, and quite refused to freeze—

Hereafter you'll devote yourself to Wide-out, if you please."

Then laughed Sir 'Possum and the bears, and all the rest agreed—

Alas, alas! for Jolly-boy, his heart was sore indeed!

And soon within his little breast it cold and colder grew;

While Commodore, his rival, skipped away with Topsy-loo.

Still cold and colder grew his heart—the air began to freeze—
The temperature in Dumpy Land was lowered ten degrees.

The Snow-man prospered rapidly and soon was finished quite;

The Dumpings gave a royal ball to celebrate that night.

Sir 'Possum schottisched with the bear; the Dumpies all were glad,
But Jolly-boy refused to smile, for he alone was sad.



JOLLY-BOY'S LAMENT.

Oh, Topsy-loo, what shall I do,
What means shall I employ.
To win you back? Alas, alack,
For your poor Jolly-boy!

Oh, Topsy-loo, my love for you
Will never, never die!
You'll always be the maid for me,
The apple of my eye.

Oh, Topsy-loo, my heart is true,
But vanished is my joy
Till you appear again to cheer
The heart of Jolly-boy!

"DELICATE GROUND," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Pauline (Miss Lena Ashwell) was married to an elderly citizen, Sangfroid, but she dreamt of a young lover.



She thought about him, and sighed over memories of him in a fond, foolish way.



And one day her husband (Mr. Arthur Playfair) found her reading the youth's letter.



But when he offered to let her and the lad elope, she found that she really loved her husband.

"THE EIDER-DOWN QUILT," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Captain Bernard (Mr. Arthur Playfair), and his sweetheart, Lucy Pemberton (Miss Ethel Matthews).



Lucy and the importunate waiter, Alberto da Bologna (Mr. H. de Lange).



Lucy and her cousin Patricia (Miss Fanny Brough), who fancies she has smothered a man in an eider-down quilt.



Lady de Caudebec (Miss Audrey Ford), the girl-wife of Sir John, and the Captain.

"THE EIDER-DOWN QUILT," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Lady de Candebe and her step-daughter Patricia, Lucy, and Sir John's private secretary Miss Denison (Miss Spencer Brunton).



The waiter protected by Sir John (Mr. Nicol Pentland) from the Captain, Mumforth (Mr. Tolpé), and Dick (Mr. A. E. Matthews).

THE MIKADO.

Why is it, I wonder, people never *will* take Japan seriously? They acknowledge that there has, of course, been a great advance in civilisation during the last few years, and that certainly the little Japs fought well against the Chinese. But, for all this, I find the *real* Japan is actually very little known, in spite of the numerous books and articles published during the last few years on things Japanese.

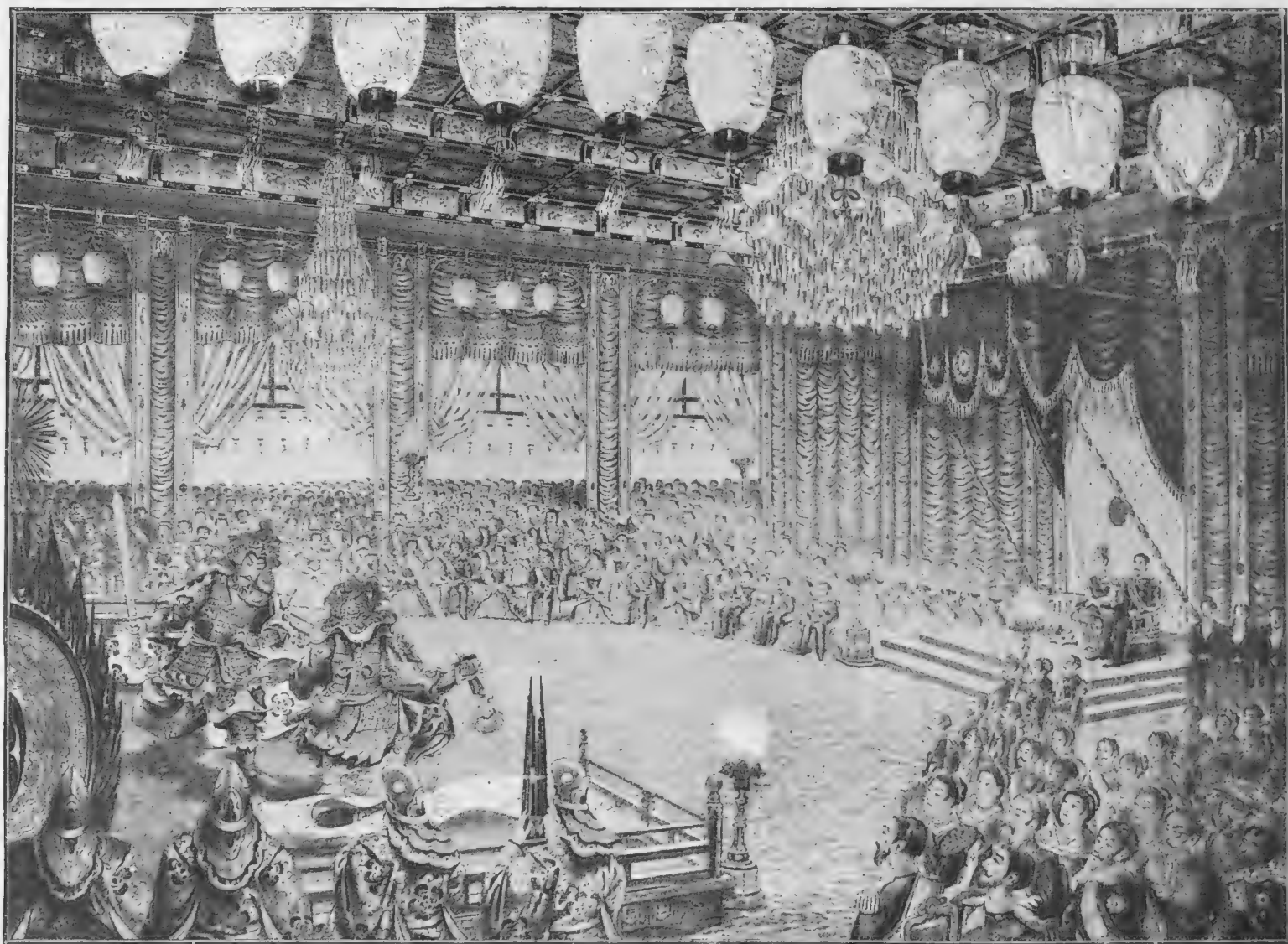
I am constantly asked such questions as these: "Is the Mikado really like the man in the play, and does he wear a pig-tail?" and, "How do the Japanese ladies manage to dance as well as they do in 'The Geisha' if they have bound-up, distorted feet?" And so on. In vain do I try to impress on my friends the enormous difference there is between Japanese and Chinese customs—it's no use.

In fact, in my humble opinion, Japan is fast becoming far too civilised, although the country has by no means lost its peculiar charm, in spite of its railways, its Parliament, its telegraphs, and all its modern developments.

The Emperor and Empress were married on the 28th day of

wedding of a man with six wives is rather remarkable! The streets of Tokio were thronged with a gaily dressed and expectant crowd, all in their holiday attire. Women with babies on their backs, merry little black-eyed children, men of every trade in their quaint blue "kimonos"—for, of course, this great event was celebrated by a general holiday all over the land. Over a million people had arrived the night before from the country, and the whole town seemed like a vast bee-hive of happy, laughing, good-tempered little people swarming about in a suppressed state of excitement.

At the grand banquet at the Palace, which took place in the evening, between four and five hundred guests were present. On our arrival we were ushered down endless corridors, with walls and ceilings richly adorned with lacquer and gold-painted panels, all brilliantly lighted by thousands of candles. The dining-table where their Majesties presided, in the Great Banqueting Hall, was set in the form of a square, and was decorated with silver baskets of rare orchids and lovely tropical flowers. The dinner-service was entirely of silver. During dinner each guest was presented with a beautifully worked statuette in silver of a stork and two tortoises—the emblems of long life and happiness in



THE PERFORMANCE IN THE THRONE-ROOM.

Meiji (in our calendar, March 9), 1869. Although the Empress reigns supreme in all Court and official functions, she is not the mother of the Prince Imperial, now a delicate boy of seventeen. The Emperor has five other wives and several daughters, but only one son. These wives, however, never appear, but have their own apartments in the Palace grounds. They are all ladies of good family, and their names are to be found in the Court Directory, although their official position is nil.

The Emperor was born in 1852, and is two years younger than the Empress. He is a big, powerful-looking man for a Japanese, a very keen soldier, and immensely proud of his army. He is still looked on as more or less a sacred being by his subjects, and it is only during the last few years that he has been seen in public. Even now, before he drives through the city, orders are given for the blinds in the upper windows to be lowered, so that no one may look down into his carriage as it passes through the streets.

The Empress is very small, being under five feet in height, but is most dignified in manner, and is considered very beautiful according to the Japanese standpoint. She is much beloved by her subjects, and with good reason. Owing to her influence an immense amount of charitable work has been organised, and the hideous custom of blackening the teeth and shaving the eyebrows of married women abolished.

I remember the celebration of their silver wedding well. Indeed, when one comes to consider the matter, the mere fact of the silver

Japan. Later in the evening a reception was held in the Throne-room, to which over a thousand people were invited, and a performance of ancient Japanese music and dancing was given. The accompanying Japanese picture conveys a very good idea of the scene.

The Throne-room was brilliantly lighted by thousands of candles, and the gold-painted walls were festooned with crimson and pale-blue silk hangings. The gorgeous uniforms of the men, the rich brocades and sparkling jewels of the ladies, and the picturesque costumes of the actors, all formed a picture not soon to be forgotten. Their Majesties sat on a raised dais facing the performers, the Corps Diplomatique on one side, and opposite the high Japanese officials and their wives. The Empress wore a European dress of white satin, beautifully embroidered with silver, and literally blazed with magnificent diamonds. The acting was indescribably weird. It was quite impossible for the uninitiated to have the vaguest idea of the plot, but I discovered by my programme that one of the acts, entitled "Banzairaku," was intended to describe the happy flight in the Golden Age of a Bird of Paradise, the music being composed thirteen thousand years ago by the Emperor Jomei. After the performance was over, we returned to the Banqueting Hall, where supper was prepared. Soon after midnight we departed, all receiving before we left a silver medal, coined especially for the occasion, on one side bearing an inscription and date, on the other the Imperial crest and the figures of two storks. And thus ended the Mikado's silver wedding.



THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

THE FENCE IN THE PLAY.

A MORNING ROUND WITH M. BERTRAND.

"Good morning, M. Bertrand." This was the other forenoon (writes a *Sketch* interviewer), and, needless to tell, my salutation was addressed to the well-known *maître d'armes*.

"*Bon jour, bon jour!*" He knows our English pretty well, but he naturally prefers the French, and in the course of a conversation often falls back upon it.

As we all know, there is a duel-scene in the play "Under the Red Robe," and it was that fact which had taken me to M. Bertrand's fencing academy in Warwick Street. He trained the fencers, got the duel into working order; and it is only one of the many stage duels for which he has done like service.

Thus I was anxious to see him upon the question of the fence in the play, and we began on that head. Other points affecting fencing came in, however, and, in fact, this little article—half interview, half sketch—may be called a general round in the art as it flourishes at the Bertrand School. True, in that light I might have set down a more accurate title-line at the top of the column; but then, it supplied a good text to work upon.

"Oh, yes," chatted the *maître d'armes*, "I instructed for the duel in 'Under the Red Robe.' Dear me! how many years have passed since we had the duel-scene with which I was first identified in London—I mean that in 'Hamlet,' as performed at the Lyceum in 1861! A long time, a long time; and see, here are pictures of M. Fechter and Mr. Hermann Vezin."

They had been the antagonists in this "Hamlet" duel, and Dickens was among the spectators who dropped in now and then at Warwick Street to witness the rehearsals. Below Mr Vezin's portrait is a little scroll in which he speaks of how his good friend taught him to handle his weapon for "the Fechter-Hamlet fight"—to quote part of the scroll.

"Again," resumed M. Bertrand, "there was the duel in 'The Dead Heart,' Mr. Irving and Mr. Bancroft being the actors who fought it. They practised daily for a long while, and the encounter drew forth warm commendations for its realism."

English playgoers remember that duel very well. We may since then have had others as good, but hardly one better. M. Bertrand, I fancy, would agree in that, although I did not put the question to him.

"I gave fencing-lessons," he added, "in connection with the production by Mr. Beerbohm Tree of 'Hamlet,' 'Henry VIII.,' and other pieces at the Haymarket. Also I did the same in connection with the performances of opera at Covent Garden—did so from the first inauguration of opera seasons there. Ah, Sir Augustus Harris is gone! He and I were long and intimate friends, and his father I had known before him."

We saw the art of M. Bertrand once more in "For the Crown," and the broad fact is that he is the master who has been mainly associated here with the fence in the play. How I should like to see him come on the stage himself in a duel-scene! As it was, I saw him take a round with a pupil who knew something about the art, and the face of the old veteran was something to remember. Despite his years, he is as keen and eager as a youth.

"*En garde!*" There he was, in his leather doublet, and for the next five minutes I heard the sharp ring of the French phrases which pertain to fencing, and of the blades of the fencers as these came together. All the surroundings spoke of M. Bertrand's art and of some of the notable people he has had for pupils. These include many of the very highest rank here and abroad.

For instance, my eye fell on a bust of the Duke of Orleans, whose marriage to an Austrian Archduchess was the news of not long ago. The Duke got lessons from M. Bertrand, and, I believe, became an accomplished fencer. Similarly, the young Prince Imperial had been an ardent student, and, if fencing could have saved him from the Zulu assegais, he would still probably be in the land of the living.

Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie were wont to call occasionally at the *salle d'armes*, and I can imagine the perfect bearing with which M. Bertrand would have received them—a mixture of deferential respect and natural ease such as you could find only in a Frenchman and a master of *l'escrime*.

"You know," he said to me when our talk was resumed, "my view is that every actor—and, if you like, every actress—should know something of fencing. It should form part of an actor's general education, just as he learns how to walk properly on the stage or how to 'make-up' for a particular character. In the dramatic profession a knowledge of the foil is bound to be useful in itself; and then see the grace, the ease, the elegance, which a regular fencer acquires in the ordinary movements of the body."

"I need hardly ask you about the value of fencing to everybody—its value, I mean, alike in the sense of the physique and of the mind?"

"The best thing in the world; nothing like it. But read that, and it will tell you better than I could."

And he gave me a translation from a French medical writer, Dr. Lagrange, who knows the subject thoroughly. Like M. Bertrand, Dr. Lagrange is enthusiastic on the advantages of fencing for women. It is health and grace and beauty for them, and some day perhaps—this is my own prophecy—English ladies may take to the foils as they are now taking to the bicycle. The fencing-costume will hardly worry those who have good figures, and you know our womenkind will need something to turn to when they have tired themselves out at the bicycle.

"Read it, read it!" M. Bertrand had repeated earnestly about Dr. Lagrange's paper; and, indeed, I shall take one little story from it. I do so because I know that M. Bertrand would say, "Oh, yes, it illustrates beautifully the value of fencing in respect to health. *Excellent, excellent! Oui, oui!*"

It is the case of a French lady, young, married, of good position, who suffered from general nerve-prostration to such an extent that she was really a burden to herself and to those around her. All treatment had failed—I am quoting Dr. Lagrange, of course—when her husband, who was one of the best fencers in Paris, thought of making her take to the art as an exercise. It caught her fancy at once, and after a little time she developed an exceptional proficiency for a woman. But as she improved in fencing, so, with unhopd for rapidity, did her health improve. In less than a year her cure was complete, and now the fence is no longer a prescription but a pleasure to her.

"*Oui, oui, précisément.*" Thus I can hear M. Bertrand commenting, for his grip of fencing is complete from every standpoint—military *esprit*, grace of deportment, as a tonic for mind and body.

"What," I asked him, "are the main qualities which you require in a good fencer?"

"Ah," he replied, taking the cigarette from his lips, "ah, you ask me too much. Everything is required; that is just it—everything! But if you ask me to name three or four things, what shall I answer? Yes, let me see. Brain, eye, wrist—yes, there. A clear brain, case of posture and movement, a quick, sure eye, a swift, supple wrist. A pupil with these will make a fencer. If he has not these, then perhaps fencing will give them to him."

As we know, M. Bertrand has been instructor in fencing to the daughters of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Dearly should I have liked to ask him how each of the three fencd—the Duchess of Fife, Princess Charles of Denmark, and Princess Victoria. That, however, would have looked like prying curiosity, and, as M. Bertrand represents valour as well as chivalry, so I took the part of discretion.

He is altogether a delightful old fellow, and, notwithstanding his grey hairs and his years—he founded his academy in 1857—he can hold a foil against the best fencer in London. Truly I must go back and see M. Bertrand and his son Félix, who is the old master's other self in brightness—and in the fence.



M. BERTRAND.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



HUNTSMAN (to GAMEKEEPER): Pheasant-shootin'! Wot is it? Hup gets a guinea, bang goes three fardens, an' down drops one-an'-sixpence' "



CUPID IN THE COLD.

*When the Spring and Summer go, and the Winter brings its snow,
Master Cupid isn't frightened by the cold;
He toboggans on the ice, as his victims throw the dice
For the luck of love that's never, never old.*



PARSON : How long before we start, Captain ?

CAPTAIN : As soon as the fog lifts, Sir.

PARSON : It seems to be clear now ; I can see the sky overhead.

CAPTAIN : We ain't going that way just yet, Sir.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE DEPARTURE OF KING DERMOT

BY STANDISH O'GRADY

"Farewell, friends, kinsmen, and you my mercenaries, most valiant and most faithful," cried the departing King. "Farewell, but for a while only. In early summer, ere the flowering of the hawthorn, I shall return. So assist me and mine, O Son of God! With the first swallow then look to see me, not alone, but leading a host; and many mouths wide now with laughter shall gape wider borne on the ends of spears, and many eyes lit now with triumph shall roll sightless balls to the sun. For I shall die as I have lived, McMurrough, Captain of I-Kinsella, and high King of all Leinster."

He stood on the sea's verge in the light of the rising sun and harangued for the last time the bloody remnant of his host, the old, white-bearded King, broad-browed, strong-featured, huge of stature, almost gigantic. Faint ripples of the ebbing tide licked his feet, for he stood where land and water met, with his broad back to the sea. His warrior voice, long since broken from overmuch pleading in the court of battle-axes, hoarse-quavering at its best, was hoarser now from passion. A low, fierce moan was the sole response of his auditory; they gripped their weapons tighter as they leaned forward, while they seemed to devour him with their silent, bright, feverish eyes. To hear the last words of their captain the army stood crescent-wise, its horns in the tide, and half enclosed the orator.

"With the first swallow, then, O Dermot, light of our eyes," murmured a man. The half-whispered word was taken up and repeated by the host, a low murmur of sound swelling and subsiding like the noise of the wind in the leaves on a still night.

"With the first swallow, then, O Dermot, light of our eyes."

The King was clad in a battle dress of ring-mail, part burnished, part rusted, over which he wore a torn linen tunic belted at the waist. In his right hand he carried a long battle-axe, dull in the blade. A straight short sword, in a sheath of red yew, hung by his side. From the front of his brazen helmet projected a single bar, the face-guard. His moustache and beard were white as snow, and white the straggling locks which, escaping from the helmet, fell upon his broad, unbowed shoulders; but his black eyes, unsubdued by time, glowed and flashed, and his huge and stalwart frame suggested a strength and energy which his white hairs would seem to belie. Passions such as afflicted then the souls of our antique fighting Kings, in whose ears the war-storm, now loud, now low, never once ceased to sound, swept across his face; yet no one could fail to read in that countenance indomitable purpose and unconquerable will.

Behind him, sagging in the shallow tide, lay a long and beautifully shaped barge. Her stern, richly caparisoned with scarlet, was turned toward the shore. A little timber gangway, which stood higher and higher out of the water as the tide receded, ran from the King's feet to the barge. The crew sat negligently on the thwarts, in easy attitudes, holding the oar-grips in their hands. They were fair-haired men, well-nourished, sound, and strong, with full, ruddy faces, round or square, dressed in clean, fresh tunics, and contrasted strangely with the lean forms and hollow countenances long and dour of King Dermot's wild auditory—all rags and eyes and discoloured bronze—and whom those fair-haired boatmen surveyed with faces of mild wonder, hardly of curiosity. They were Saxons, slaves of Robert FitzHarding, Reeve of Bristol, but slaves who seemed to have thriven upon slavery.

Further out lay moored a ship, or rather, galley, for her starboard, which faced the shore, showed a double row of black oar-holes. From her one mast a gay pennon rippled eastward, the ship's beak looking to the West, whence the wind blew. The deck was crowded with people. Women in bright attire, some holding infants in their arms, stood on the quarter-deck or poop, rising like a tower. The Queen of Leinster sat there. Beside her, on the right, stood a fair and slender girl, the Princess Eva. The forecastle, which was high, too, terminated at the bows in a dragon's neck and head sublime, which gave a formidable and menacing emphasis to the whole. Just above the surface of the sea a great spike or ram projected from the cutwater. This ship was no merchantman, but a ship of war. FitzHarding and the West-English Saxons of Bristol had sent their best ship to bring away their unsuccessful ally. For King Dermot was an oldtime friend, warlike and commercial, of the commercial and warlike men of Bristol. He was also a near kinsman of Robert FitzHarding. The FitzHardings and McMurroughs had intermarried, and more than once. That shining galley is to bring Dermot to Bristol, where, it is believed by some, he will take the cowl and end his days in St. Austin's Monastery, for cowl and beads in these pious times are regarded as the natural and harmonious conclusion of his career for an aged and unfortunate King. The place is Corkeeran, not so much a harbour as a broad bight or indentation of the coast-line of Munster, and the time the "Kalends of August" (Aug. 1) in the year 1166 A.D., a memorable date, for it marks the departure for England of the Irish difficulty. Long coming, it has at last come, has taken form in that huge mailed figure, and is about to sail for England. God, or the Devil, or blind Destiny, is accomplishing here a great work—a work with worldwide issues and developments, whose end no man can even now see.

Further inland, but at a safe distance, on the slope of a droum or rising ground, in relief against a dark forest, stood another body of men, horse and foot, quite as considerable as that which Dermot addressed. From this assembly arose ceaselessly cries suggestive of insult and contumely, quite unregarded by Dermot and his auditory. It was the van of the army of Ireland, a slight visible indication of the storm which was sweeping Dermot out of his kingdom across the salt sea. They would have killed him if they could. They tried to do so yesterday, but were not able, and scorn any further acquaintance with Dermot's haggard warriors. Autumn was beginning to redden the forest behind them. Further inland, distant hills showed purple, for the heather was beginning to bloom. The sun stood not a foot above the quivering line of the horizon—his disc of glowing fire. A million dancing wavelets sprang and laughed in the broad sun-path. Strong briny odours from the wet sand and soaking sea-weeds scented the pure air. Not so far away, little flocks of red-legged noisy birds piped and chattered as they ran over the strand. Seagulls wheeled and hovered, or dropped flutteringly seeking their food. Curlews flew crying across the bay. Dermot's men neither saw them nor heard, but we, to whom the centuries are glass, mysteriously present and assisting, may witness both the tragedy and nature's sublime tranquility and indifference. Their eyes were rivetted on the face of their dear captain, their souls rapt in his rude oratory. That voice, once clear as a trumpet, heard so often on the pale edge of battle, was now strong only, unmelodious, hoarse-quavering, hoarser to-day with grief and wrath and choking shame, but charged with a wild sincerity, and the hot words as they came straight from the heart of the speaker went straight to the hearts of his hearers.

It was ebb-tide, too, with these men; they had fought so much, suffered so much, and fought and suffered, as it seemed, in vain. Many faces were seamed with ancient scars, many showed signs of recent rude surgery. Many necks and foreheads were bound with cloths, many arms rested in slings. Some, too feeble or too severely wounded to stand, were upheld by their comrades. One, whose right arm was a stump, murmured in response to some word of the orator, "I have another hand for thee still, O Dermot," for this King, though an object of deadliest hatred to many, was also passionately loved by not a few. Ere yon rising sun sinks in the Atlantic an unknown hand will write words which may still be read as the letters flowed from the pen of the mournful scribe: "O God! it is a great thing that has been done to-day, Dermot to be banished over-seas by the men of Ireland. Alas! Alas! What shall I do?"

These men had done all that men could do for their King. Their shields were bent and battered, showing many a hole and rent; the edges of their dull battle-axes were gapped; their raiment, if that could be called raiment which was rags, was stained with mud and blood and dulled with sweat, their faces drawn and hollow, their eyes bright with famine and hardship—bright, too, with that which gold can never buy.

They were the bloody and war-wasted remnant of a once proud host which in battle after battle had been worsted not so much by superior forces in front of them as by treachery behind. Back from the banks of the Boyne, from the banks of the Shannon, back from the gates of Danish Dublin, in spite of all their valour, all their self-forgetting loyalty, they had been pushed, beaten, or driven, fresh foes starting up around them and behind. Through all Leinster they had been chased by famine or by the sword, till at last they fought not for victory, but only to bring their captain and King safe to the seaboard—to the seaboard, anywhere, and save him from the innumerable and deadly foes who had everywhere and so suddenly risen out for his destruction. But Dublin, Arklow, Wicklow, Wexford, Waterford, having gates and walls, had warned them off. All the ports of Leinster were either in rebellion or had been seized by the enemy. Then they broke out south-westwards across the mearings of the Province, and, fighting their way into Munster, fighting night and day, for hungry hunters were on their traces, and the country rose against them as they went, few, and spent with war, famine, and marching, they at last reached the remote haven of Corkeran, where yonder English ship, long signalling and signalled to, has put in. God willing, she shall convey their dear lord and master to England beyond the reach of his foes. Bitterly he had now expiated his unlawful love for Dervorgilla, wife of Tiernan, King of Breffney. Gaunt, one-eyed Tiernan, the injured husband, never forgave him. Though year had followed year since the famous elopement till their tale exceeded fourteen, and that matter seemed now to most men like ancient history, Tiernan did not forget—the long-memoried Celt. Though he and Dermot had been war-allies since then, the one-eyed man was still implacable, retaining all in his deep mind. He never forgot that stealing of his wife, or how he had been made a spectacle and a laughing-stock for all Ireland. Then, at last, fourteen full years after the injury, an opportunity for the first time presented itself. Tiernan found himself in a position to direct the action of the King of Ireland, and through him of all the minor Kings, so that the whole island, as if set in motion by a single impulse and one common purpose, precipitated itself on Dermot. Simultaneously, Dermot's own false vassals arose against him, and the once proud and powerful King of Leinster, "after many battles, in which he was always defeated," was overthrown and cast out. All, save Dermot himself and a few who kept hoping, believed that this was the end. Dermot, about to sail for

"THE SORROWS OF SATAN," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

Photographs by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.



The Devil (Mr. Waller), bent on destroying the author, was pleased when he found that his bait, Lady Sybil (Miss Granville), fascinated Geoffrey Tempest (Mr. Yorke Stephens).



She was really in love with the Devil himself, as he knew very well when he talked to her in the grounds of her ancestral home, Willowsmere, which Tempest had bought.



But he so piqued her that she agreed in the end to marry the unfortunate Geoffrey, and the Devil rejoiced exceedingly thereat, for he knew that his charm had worked on the unhappy author.



Lady Sybil Tempest, however, was a bold, bad woman, and after her husband had retired for the night on one occasion, she came down (in her night-dress) and declared her passion for the Devil, to whom it was another mysterious sorrow.

England, unhurt in body, unbroken in spirit, his soul filled with dire purposes, for the last time addresses his faithful followers, and bids them be of good cheer, for that he will surely return. Near him, in complete steel, too, stood a tall and very handsome youth, Donald Kavanagh, that is, "the Handsome," his eldest son, who is to remain behind and make such terms as he can, for himself and friends, with the victorious foe. For the old King had no thought at all of taking to cowl and beads in St. Austin's while there were friends to be rewarded and enemies to be destroyed. With the first swallow he will return—leader of a host. Then woe to his extern enemies and his own traitor "dukes"!

"King of Leinster and the Leinstermen, I shall die!" he cried, "after having punished my enemies and rewarded my friends, as a King should. I have served God too well to be forsaken by Him in my old age, though He may try me. I have cherished the sons of Life. I have exterminated the sons of Death. I have adorned Leinster with many churches and endowed them with much land, and Almighty God, powerful and righteous, will not see me want or those who love me go unhonoured and unrewarded. This I know for a verity. Would you learn how? Come nearer.

"At the foot of Mount Leinster there is a little lake and a few sad reeds on one side, but the other is stony. There are twelve teal in the lake, fed once there by the hand of holy Colman. They will be there till the Day of Judgment, for if a man slays one of them, the bird returns to life, but the man dies. Such is the power of Colman! On the edge of the lake there is an oratory, all stone, very ancient, and in the oratory an altar, a grey flag, unchiselled, and candles burn there always in honour of Colman. When the Kings of Ireland conspired against me, and the major portion of my dukes rebelled, declaring that they would henceforth be kings and freed of my control, and when the Battle of Ferns was broken upon me, I was greatly afflicted. I fasted, and fasting, spent one night in the oratory, and there was none with me, prone before the altar where Colman looks for his resurrection. And I prayed to Almighty God, Maker of all worlds, and to holy Colman. Early in the morning, when the lights were dim, a man stood before me. I lowered my eyes, for I did not dare to look upon him. The man spake to me, and what he said was this, 'Fight bravely, O Dermot, while any will stand beside thee. Fight to the end, though it will not avail thee. Thy enemies shall cast thee out of Ireland, for a season, for it is the will of God to punish thee, on account of thy many sins. But as thou hast served Him faithfully, building many churches and cherishing always His holy children, He will bring thee back again after a short season. Thou shalt return, O Dermot, with great power. Gloriously and victoriously thou shalt chase thy enemies and take vengeance on thy traitors, in especial upon Murrough, Duke of Tir-eullen, upon him before all others, and reward all thy friends like a rich King, and through thee great deeds shall be done in the Land of Fail.'

"Then the voice ceased, and when, after a long time, I looked, there was no man there. Therefore, without fear or grief, I cross the sea now, going into the land of strangers; and I tell you these things that they may strengthen your minds and harden your hearts while I am far from you. Till I return, obey my son Donald Kavanagh as you would obey me, and let all of you, the constable and marshal, the duke, barons, and sergeants, put your right hands into his in my presence."

When he saw that done, it was said by those who witnessed it that he was well pleased. After that, they say, he took an affectionate farewell of the whole company, calling them each man by his name—that is to say, all the men who carried battle-axes, and the leaders of the light foot, but the rest in general. They were, in all, five hundred men, lacking seventeen. Then he kissed all the captains upon the right cheek and his sons upon the mouth, but Donald Kavanagh he embraced with both his arms. Yet the best of his sons, namely, Enda, was not here, for he had been taken prisoner and blinded by the Ossorians. After that he raised his eyes and looked around, and he took no note at all of that army which he had defeated, but his eyes settled westward, where was a small house, whiter than snow, and a slender, white, very graceful tower beside it, and around it, trees, and men and oxen labouring there in the fields, for it was harvest. And he said, "Whose house is that yonder?" And one answered that it appertained to the *familia* of Ailbhé of Emly, and that the said Ailbhé had not come into Ireland with Patrick, or after him, but before him, and that there was a relic of the holy Ailbhé preserved there.

"Donald, my son," said the King, "lay ten ounces of pure gold on the altar, and let it be told to the comarb of holy Ailbhé that, after I shall have returned and taken again the kingdom, I will double that gift and new-shrine the relic of the saint, in gold, finely carved and furnished with eyes of crystal." These were King Dermot's last words. After that he entered the boat, and Donald Kavanagh and the Duke of Idrone propelled her till her stern was cleared from the sand and mud and she floated free. All the company kept silence while that was being done, save one man only, who raised his voice and wept aloud, whom the constable struck down. The rest watched the departure of the King with eyes harder than iron. The King reached the ship and ascended to the poop. The crew followed, and the boat was raised up by ropes and set in her place in the ship. Then King Dermot looked towards the shore with a cheerful countenance, and raised high above his head, clear seen against the southern sky, his mailed arm and gauntleted hand. His people, silent, all stooped and bent forward, had been watching him, the while they shaded their eyes with their hands. Then, seeing his gesture, they stood erect and raised their right hands. It was as if the King had cried, "Remember," and that they

on their side had replied, "Yea, O Dermot, we remember." But the gesture was more eloquent than words.

Then the anchor of the galley was drawn up to a sea-chaunt. A trumpet sounded, and, all at once, the long oars ran out through the vents with a dull roar like distant thunder and swung forward and were still. Again the trumpet sounded, and all dropped at once, suddenly. Strongly the good oars gripped while they bent and struggled with the surprised and reluctant yet yielding sea, strongly broke through and lashed the green water to foam, yet hardly communicated motion to the great galley. Again, again, again, the long white oars gripped and struggled through the green water, at each stroke more victoriously, till, anon, the galley seemed to know what she was required by them to do, and at each fresh impulse lifted herself and sprang forwards mightily. Her course first was due west as she lay, then, more gracefully than a sea-bird on the wing, she curved southward and eastward with a long, slow, gradual sweep till the dragon's eyes looked steadily to the rising sun. The sailors hoisted the one sail, and the breeze filled out the bright sail taut, and the ship's speed was doubled, for a gentle and prosperous wind blew steady out of the West. The unseen oarsmen felt the presence of their good ally and rejoiced. The stiffness of inaction, too, began to leave their limbs; they bent to their work with more power, and encouraged each other to row. Well they knew for what task they had been chosen, and whom they were bearing over the deep. So, propelled alike by wind and oar, the snoring galley sped eastwards, dividing the unfurrowed sea. Swifter, and ever swifter, the long white oars bounded forward, constant-going, steady, unhesitating, and behind the great ship as she sped there arose a tumult, a roar of displaced and sounding waters, and on both sides where the oars lashed the surface there shone as it were roads of white foam. At the mast-head a long pennon showing the arms of the FitzHardings, white on a red ground, bordered with narrow gold, floated and rippled, pointing eastward to Saxonland. Ere the galley left Corkeran horsemen were seen galloping eastward along the road that led to Waterford. Soon they entered a cut in the hills and were lost to view. King Dermot and his people knew well with what purpose those horsemen rode so fast. They were messengers despatched to the men of Waterford with the news that King Dermot had put to sea at Corkeran and had sailed eastward, and that they, the Vedra's Fiord sailors, should man their galleys and intercept him. The master accordingly steered out further and further from the shore, so that, ere long, only the distant hills were to be seen. When the galley passed Carnsore Point many galleys were seen far away, but near land. They were the Northmen waiting, who thought that Dermot's galley would hug the shore. They gave chase indeed, but soon fell away, and after that King Dermot commanded that the oarsmen should slack their rowing. He would not distress them.

He was silent for the most part this day, and evermore watched the receding shores, and then the mountains. As it drew towards evening he bade Maurice Regan, his secretary, to read for him out of a book.

He did not eat or drink till sunset. At supper he was cheerful and called for the master and bade him give the brave Saxon rowing-men the best supper which the ship could supply. "For," said he, "it is to these men I owe it that I have the use of my eyes this night. Had the Northmen taken me, surely they would have blinded me." Ever since his troubles had commenced it was not death that he feared, but the loss of eyesight—imprisonment till death in black night. Also he charged his Treasurer to give a good largesse to all the ship's company, for he was ever generous.

On the third day, early in the morning, the ship rowed up the Severn, and in the forenoon reached Bristol, where the King was joyfully and affectionately received by the whole city, and especially by Robert FitzHarding and his people. FitzHarding and the men of Bristol gave him, for his lodging, the Carfax, hard by St. Austin's, and ever treated him with great respect and affection. Yet he did not remain long there, such was his desire to come into the presence of Henry, son of the Empress, who was surnamed Curthose, and secure his assistance for the recovery of his kingdom.

THE CURE.

Once a beautiful dame, whose principal aim
Was to win by her pen a most notable name,
Was convinced she was nearing this summit of fame.

'Twas a newspaper chief who begot this belief,
For he sued for her picture to print on his leaf,
With a sketch of her life and her virtues in brief.

All inflated with pride, then our blue-stocking cried
That this was an honour for which she had sighed;
An honour for which she would gladly have died.

And she held her head high when her neighbours passed by,
For she reasoned, "They're not as distinguished as I.
How they'll envy me when I'm in print by-and-by!"

Now it happened they jeered when the picture appeared,
For the paper was thin and the printer's ink smeared,
And somehow the likeness seemed horribly "queered."

She was filled with affright at the hideous sight
In which all her beauty had suffered a blight,
And her vanity perished in less than a night.

Since that time she has said that a cure for "large head"
Is its picture in print; for when you have read
Your name underneath it you wish you were dead.

FRANCES ISABEL CURRIE, in *Judge*.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

Midway in this month will be decided the first of England's Association matches against other countries. By Feb. 20, when we are due to entertain Ireland to her customary defeat, the International Rugger battle will, doubtless, be on the wane, so that the public can concentrate its attention upon the Socker matches.

Any number of names have been mentioned for the places, but I doubt whether it would be possible to correctly anticipate the verdict of the selection committee.

The situation is not identical with that at the Rugby game. All the country fifteens are well-nigh on a level, whereas at the Association game the International Championship resolves itself into a duel between England and Scotland. This being so, the teams pitted against Wales and Ireland are merely experimental, and so caps go to men who would not otherwise have been regarded.

Nobody knows exactly what plan will be adopted in the selections this season. Doubtless, half the side will be made up of cracks, so as to ensure success, and for the rest places may be given to players only removed from the best. I would like to see a reversion to the old system of one amateur team, one professional team, and a mixture.

In any event, I understand the trial match between the amateurs and the paid players is to be brought off. Might I suggest the bringing forward of this game, so that it may become in reality the trial for all the Internationals?

At the present time the picked team of the professionals would probably be composed of Foulke; Earp and Williams; Crabtree, Crawshaw, and Needham; Bassett, Bloomer, Devey, Wheldon, and Spikesley. The amateurs would doubtless pick upon Earle; Lodge and Oakley; Middleditch, Barker, and Ward; Topham, Gettins, Smith, Alexander, and Burnup.

The football world was deeply agitated last week at the rupture between the Welsh Rugby Union and the International Board, a rupture that led to a postponement of the Scotland and Wales fixture on Saturday last. In the event of no change of front on the part of the International Board, this postponement will become an abandonment, and we shall have a second edition of the "split" which temporarily ruined the International Rugby Championship a few years ago.

The cause of the dispute is quite petty. The Welsh nation is desirous of presenting its national hero, Mr. Arthur Gould, with a testimonial in appreciation of his services, and the International Board declares such presentation an act of professionalism. The Welsh Union kick against this decision, and who can blame them? I do not know how the trouble will be got over, but I sincerely hope that common sense will prevail.

The English Rugby Union Selection Committee have spoken for the match with Ireland which takes place on Saturday next. All the world expected an entire rearrangement of the front rank, with a strong infusion of Yorkshire scrummagers to give solidity and stamina to the pack. So far from looking at things in this light, the committee are depending upon precisely the octet which was given so pronounced a showing-up by the Welsh forwards.

I suppose the explanation lies in the fact that the Selection Committee consider that England has no chance of bettering the team that lost at Newport, so far as the front rank is concerned. I may, therefore, say at once that I do not consider we have a leg to stand upon. No objection can be taken to the halves, who are again Wells and Taylor, but only F. J. Byrne of the back division has been retained, E. M. Baker having decided to give up the game. That excellent three-quarter, W. L. Bunting, of Richmond, gets his cap for the first time. Ireland has practically the same back division as last year, and should win.

CRICKET.

The Australian team that visited England last season has already got to work on the other side of the water. The first Intercolonial match, between South Australia and New South Wales, yielded some excellent, not to say curious, performances. The most startling was that accomplished by a player who, although not a member of Mr. Trott's last team, is quite well known on English wickets.

I am referring to famous Jack Lyons, the inevitable slogger. On behalf of South Australia, he made 78 quite in his best style. When I learn that he scored 40 while Clement Hill was making 1, that he hit three consecutive balls from McKibbin to the boundary, and that he made a huge lofty drive off Turner, sending the ball a distance of about 120 yards, and that the whole 78 runs occupied something like half an hour—then I can picture Lyons at the wicket. I can see him in my mind's eye taking block in that quiet, reposeful manner, and then suddenly lashing out with a stroke from those giant arms. Somebody has been saying that Lyons was not nearly so reckless as he used to be. This would not seem to be the case, and I should be indeed sorry if it were. In these days of ultra-scientific play a man who hits out is a most refreshing object.

Talking about big hitting, I have also to chronicle the success of Harry Trott in a minor match. Playing for the Melbourne Cricket Club against Richmond, "the Alderman" smashed up 144 in double-quick time. Of course, the bowling met by Trott was nothing compared to what Lyons had to negotiate. Lyons made a lot of runs off Turner, though I understand that the "demon" is showing some of his best form, and

bowling less half-volleys. That tremendous drive of Lyons' landed the ball in dangerous proximity to Coningham in the long field, but the chance was missed. This is the first catch that Coningham has dropped in Intercolonial cricket. What a record!

Harry Donnan, who gained a reputation over here for steadiness, knocked up 35 on this his reappearance on native soil. Clement Hill did a little better with 49, but he was caught at the wicket when 4, though the umpire did not see it. On the other hand, Sid Gregory made only 0 and 3, and shaped very woefully, while Iredale was out for 0, so that his ill-luck has not left him. Jones and McKibbin are both bowling well.

Very handy is the "G. C. B. Cricketer's Diary," which Messrs. Bussey have issued for the sixth year at sixpence. It is neat and to the point.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

It is not likely that over-reliable betting will be chronicled on the Spring Handicaps until after the appearance of the acceptances. Bridgroom and the best of Robinson's lot are fancied for the Lincoln Handicap, but it is difficult to even guess at the pick of the Robinson basket. Many good judges, however, are not likely to overlook the running of Dinna Forget in the Cambridgeshire, when he was called upon to give away a lot of weight. The training-ground at Lyddington is thoroughly healthy and sound. This was proved by the condition of last year's winner, Clorane.

A racing official of high standing has informed me that he would require to take three hundred pounds per day gate-money to make a meeting held under National Hunt Rules pay, and this, too, after reckoning on a fair return from selling-races. From the foregoing some idea can be gathered as to the loss made by a race company when a meeting has to be abandoned after all the arrangements have been made. Further, the poor refreshment contractors suffer heavily, as they have all the edibles on their hands. Then there is the gentleman who pays a heavy annual fee for the right to sell the race-cards. He has his first day's supply printed entirely to waste. An abandonment is bad business all round.

Charles Wood, who has just received his long-delayed licence, was apprenticed to Joe Dawson the rubicund. On one occasion a well-known patron of the master of Bedford Lodge petulantly remarked to Dawson, "Good heavens, Joe! what on earth do you put such a wooden jockey up for?" Dawson's reply was, "Wooden or not wooden, you can't expect a jockey to win on a bad horse." Many a time after that Wood justified Joseph's words, as those who saw him steal the Stewards' Cup on Hornpipe from Fred Archer on Geheimniss can testify, while, if Wood had not hugged the rails so closely on St. Blaise in the 1883 Derby, that race might not have gone to Kingsclere. When Lord March was Steward of the Jockey Club, Wood would have got his licence if it had not been for that noble lord's opposition.

I take the following from one of Mr. Edward Spencer's pleasant papers on touts—

A certain two-year-old—I will call him Chota Moti—had been purchased for a substantial sum after winning a selling-race on Newmarket Heath in a canter. His new owner determined to test the youngster with several "home-made" ones, and as soon as possible. Accordingly the gallop took place at three the next morning, and, in order that as few people as possible should be in the secret, the jockeys who were to ride in the trial were ordered to take the horses out of their boxes and to "do up" their charges after returning home, the regular stable attendants being fast in the arms of Morpheus. The gallop took place, and day had hardly broken when the stables were once more locked up. But an important omission had been made by one of the jockeys in performing his horse's toilet. He forgot to pick out his feet! The stable-boy, you may be sure, was not slow to notice this omission. "Hullo, my beauty!" he observed to his dumb friend, whose feet were full of soil, "you've been gallivanting about in the middle of the night, have you?" In another quarter of an hour all the horses who had been in the gallop were "spotted," and, most extraordinary fact of all, before noon every tout in Newmarket had wired the result of the trial to his clients.

Mr. Spencer tells of another man who waited up three nights hanging about the stables in order to see Iroquois' Derby trial. He saw it too, and profited by it.

I do not think T. Loates will be seen in the saddle again until midsummer, as his leg has given the doctors a lot of trouble, although he is now, I hear, getting on nicely. It is, too, unfortunate that C. Loates should at times suffer from leg-trouble. "Ben," as he is called by his intimate friends, is very much in request at Newmarket for riding in gallops and trials. He is a splendid judge of racing, and he is as quick as a cat off the mark. He hacks to the course at Newmarket on a hardy little cob that would cost something to purchase, although the animal is not quite so valuable as the hack that James Jewitt rides.

The time has, I think, arrived when the railway companies most affected should issue season tickets for the benefit of racegoers. Take the cases of the South-Western and the Great Eastern. Those companies might easily charge a fixed sum per annum for tickets available to all race-meetings held over their circuits. The system would be a great boon to bookmakers and sporting men who go the whole round of the circuit. It would also be a big source of revenue to the railway companies. The ticket might have on its face the portrait of the holder, to prevent fraud.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

My brother critics seem to have spent a pleasant time over the new melodrama in amusing themselves by finding chapter and verse for the situations presented by Mr. F. C. Philips and Leonard Merrick. Personally, I think that this is poor sport, though certainly legitimate. In a play put forward as a serious work of art, one demands some



MISS VANE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

originality, but Mr. Philips knows quite as well as the cleverest of us that "The Free Pardon" does not pretend to be a work of art, but is simple, unambitious melodrama—I notice that the programme shirks the term. Now, simple melodrama is not to be judged by any lofty standard, and, if one gets a "rousing" story and some strong situations, there seems no need to play the detective and endeavour to trace origins.

This tracking, I think, has led some a little off the track, for insufficient allowance seems to have been made for the quality of the workmanship. There are some clever scenes, neatly written. The result is not altogether satisfactory, for the authors seem to have considered it necessary to use the time-dishonoured claptraps at important moments, and the effect of these "fustian patches" in a somewhat sober dialogue is disastrous. The humours of the piece suffered from misfortune. The character of the irrepressible American interviewer, the journalistic Paul Pry, is cleverly though broadly drawn, and should have been very funny. However, it demanded as representative a comedian with a light, dexterous touch, and such an actor had not been engaged for the part.

The hit of the evening was made by Miss Esmé Beringer. She has but one real act, and she made it the central feature of the play. Without losing sight of the fact that you must suit your style to that of the piece—that what ought to be done in comedy would be out of place in melodrama—she managed to introduce a note of refinement into her most vigorous moments. She "let herself go" to the delight of the house, yet kept herself well in hand, and people shed tears by the bucket. Mr. Harrison Hunter does not seem quite to have arrived at his own style, but showed considerable promise. Miss Cicely Richards has done nothing so good, I fancy, as her Peggy since the days of "The Shadows of a Great City." An excellent villain is Mr. E. O'Neill, and not abashed by the most desperate flights. We are all anxious to see Mr. Cockburn again in a really good part. It appears to be not unlikely that "A Free Pardon" will bring prosperity to the luckless theatre.

Miss Vane, who owns the play, did work of real value. I have long followed her career. Her maiden name, I believe, was La Feuillade, but she adopted her mother's family name of Vane on entering the stage. After appearing for some time in leading parts at the Surrey Theatre, she played in the provinces with such success that later she was emboldened to give a matinée of "Plot and Passion," and, while she was playing the part of Madame de Fontanges, Mrs. Kendal happened to be present, and at once advised Mr. John Hare to engage her for Athenais in "The Ironmaster," produced at the St. James's

Theatre in April '84. Then Miss Vane went to America, and was under a long contract for Wallack's Theatre, in New York, for leading parts, but on her arrival she was taken so seriously ill that she never played there at all, but was compelled to return home at once. On her recovery she at once took up her professional life, and, after other rôles, was the original Lady Booby in "Joseph's Sweetheart," at the Vaudeville Theatre, and created original parts in other plays.

Last week, in a notice of the Carl Rosa Company which appeared in this column, it was said that Wagner was too heavy a task for their resources; and, indeed, from the artistic results achieved in their "Tannhäuser," this seemed true enough. Immediately upon this criticism came a really excellent performance of "The Meistersingers," perhaps the heaviest (in the sense of musical and dramatic elaboration) opera that Wagner ever wrote. Compressed and curtailed it undoubtedly was, and needs must have been; nevertheless, though one could not but regret the cuts, what remained was capitally done on all hands. Mr. Hedmond's Walter, though the strain told heavily upon his voice, was a most attractive study, and Miss Alice Esty sang the part of Eva with real vocal beauty and acted very prettily indeed. Mr. Frank Wood's David, again, was quite the best thing he has yet done in London; he sang with spirit and distinction, and put all his best humour into the business of the part. Mr. Tilbury always sings powerfully and sweetly, and his acting as Pagner was dignified; Mr. Homer Lind was successful within limits in the most difficult part of Beckmesser, and the chorus and orchestra worked with fine energy under Mr. Eckhold's skilful conducting.

The "Lohengrin" of last Thursday, on the other hand, was somewhat formal in its merits. The company is too familiar with the work, and habit is a fatal thing with the music of Wagner, who calls for alertness with every instant. Mr. Brozel's Lohengrin, too, lacked dignity and impressiveness; Miss Elandi's Elsa was extremely theatrical, not unlike Madame Albani's conception of the part, but without Albani's power of voice. Miss Meisslinger's Ortrud, not nearly so good as her Fricka, had many moments of power, and Mr. Alec Marsh's Telramund, although a trifle loose and vague, was, on the whole, satisfactory, and Mr. Tilbury, always good, was as good as ever in the part of Henry the Fowler. The orchestra and chorus played and sang with a will, but the stage-management may be implored either to change or to omit, at the end of the first act, the ridiculous hoisting upon a shutter of Lohengrin and Elsa, quivering with terror and balancing with difficulty. Not thus is



MISS MARIE ELSTER.

Photo by D'Arcy, Dublin.

achieved the spontaneous shouldering at Bayreuth which makes the final joy of the people so impressive and so real. The Carl Rosa version should be confined solely to waxwork tableaux.

Is grand opera becoming more popular in London? While the Carl Rosa troupe have been crowding the Garrick, the Neilson English Opera Company have been at the Theatre Royal, Kilburn, giving a round of old favourites, including "Maritana," "Fra Diavolo," and "Il Trovatore." Miss Marie Elster, the prima donna, created a very favourable impression.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

From Singapore I hear that cycling has been taken up by the Heathen Chinee very enthusiastically. Eighteen months ago there was hardly a cycle to be seen there. Now the Celestials are to be found flitting all over the place on rather gaudily painted bone-shakers, with their pigtailed curled up on top of their heads out of harm's way. I am also told that the Chinese are taking to manufacture bicycles, so it is not altogether impossible that before long we may see Chinese cycles for sale in London. What will our cycle kings say to this?

Great things are being said about the pneumatic compensation cycle, and I really believe the invention is a good one, but until I have a chance of testing personally this machine I must continue to plump for Dunlop and Co. A company is being formed to float this new invention, and I shall be in a better position to write more particularly on it next week.

Dublin has been having a rare time during the holding of the Cycle Show at Balls Bridge, and great must be the rejoicings of the jarveys at the rich harvest that has fallen to their share. The show was opened with great *éclat* last Saturday week. All the best-known firms were represented, as well as a good many others. I was unable to be present myself, but from the various reports that have reached me the show seems to have been an undoubted success.

The French Race Syndicate have fixed Feb. 18 for their annual race-meeting on the winter track, when there will be some novelties in the shape of a motor competition, and a race for quadruplets to be ridden by an equal number of male and female cyclists.

What has become of the motors? One would have expected, with all the horseless-carriage companies that were being formed, to have, at least, seen one now and then, but they are conspicuous by their absence. A successful trial was recorded not long ago of an electrical omnibus that did all that was asked of it, and yet this vehicle, that must have cost a lot to produce, has also sunk into obscurity. The whole thing looks like a frost.

The facilities for the conveyance of bicycles by train, and the frequent damage resulting therefrom, have often been the subject of comment in these columns and elsewhere, and I am pleased to see that the Council of the Cyclists' Touring Club have taken up the matter in a very practical manner. In a letter from the secretary, which has been published in the daily papers, it is stated that the club "have resolved to offer a prize of twenty guineas for the best designs of a luggage-van specially fitted for the safe conveyance of cycles, whether singly or in numbers, adaptability to the purposes of an ordinary luggage-van and economy of space being two of the chief points to be kept in view." It is to be hoped that next summer the railway companies will thus be enabled to provide some more satisfactory accommodation for tourists' machines than hitherto. No one would grudge the extra charge for the conveyance of his wheel if he had a reasonable hope of recovering it at his journey's end in as perfect condition as when it entered the van.

Is it possible that society is getting tired of its Wheel of Life? I received quite a shock the other day when a young and good-looking girl, and a first-class cyclist, in answering my question as to whether she had been cycling lately, informed me that she rarely went out now, and that it rather bored her. Strange to say, the same answer was given me by another lady. What is the meaning of this?

A most becoming and decidedly sensible cycling-skirt has lately been shown in Paris, which I feel sure that many of my fair readers will take to, as it is both smart-looking on and off the wheel. It is formed of two distinct skirts, one for each leg, very much gored in bell-like shape, but has a more *chic* and dainty appearance than the ordinary "rational" skirt, and when the rider walks it forms a beautifully hanging garment. This skirt was exhibited by one of the first Paris houses at the Salon

du Cycle, which was held a short time ago at the Palais de l'Industrie, and to which great numbers of cyclists and others flocked.

Bolero jackets, which are now so much in fashion, seem to be almost as popular for cycling as for other occasions, and exceedingly becoming they are, especially to tall, slight figures, with bright-coloured waistcoats, and also waistcoats of astrachan and other furs, which show round the waist under the bolero, forming a wide belt or ceinture. The boleros are often made with large collars and revers, and are double-breasted, which adds greatly to the warmth. No doubt, as spring advances we shall hear of many more fascinating costumes for wheelwomen. By-the-by, I hear that Princess Charles of Denmark has just invented a very pretty winter-costume for cycling; she and her husband are devoted lovers of the wheel.

Cyclists will turn with interest to the February number of *Harper's Magazine* to read Octave Thanet's half-humorous little story, "The Stout Miss Hopkins's Bicycle," for, whatever may be the feelings of English-speaking folk at large on the question, there is no doubt that it is far easier to turn out a pretty, picturesque presentment of a knicker-bockered wheelwoman than it is of her skirted sister, and here the attempt has been made in a satisfactory fashion. "The Martian," with the admirably reproduced illustrations of the author, goes on apace; and, apropos of these same drawings, it is curious to see how, when reminiscing in pencil of a period far gone by, the Du Maurier of the 'nineties throws himself back to the days of crinolines, sloping shoulders, parted hair, giving to every feminine figure, as if *malgré lui*, a distinction and grace not always observable in his later work. The number is distinguished by some charming short stories, with illustrations worthy of the text.

It has often struck me that abroad the laws are much more stringent about cyclists than they are in this country. I hear that before anyone is allowed to ride in the streets of Vienna he or she has to pass an examination. How many accidents this must prevent! There are said to be no less than 20,000 cyclists in this city.

It went the round of the papers a short while ago that the Archbishop of Paris had forbidden his priests to ride the bicycle. I hear now that the prohibition applies only to those who did so in their cassocks, and that they are quite at liberty to ride if they do so in mufti. It seems that many of them have availed themselves of this permission.

It is extremely gratifying to find that the noble sentiment, death before dowdiness, so deeply implanted in the bosoms of our British maids and matrons, is not confined to these isles, but flourishes even in the most distant parts of our Colonial Empire. In Melbourne, I understand, a well-known physician has objected to the lady cyclist, her costume, and all her works and ways; and this learned gentleman's expression of unfavourable opinion has elicited a protest in verse from a Melbourne lady in the *Argus*—

"Oh, doctor, we've called to consult you
On certain strange symptoms we feel;
We're all of us dreadfully anxious
Since you spoke of us riding the wheel."
Says the doctor, "Oho!
That is bad, don't you know;
Do you feel any headachy pains in your toe?
Are your spirits depressed—is your appetite low?
Are you morbid and nervous and piny?"
And the ladies, in chorus, indignantly say,
"The idea! no, we've not been affected that way,
But the fact is—our noses get shiny."

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Sixteen (from October 28, 1896, to January 20, 1897) of THE SKETCH can be had, *Gratis*, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.



"OH, DON'T LET ME FALL!"

Reproduced by permission from "Harper's Magazine."

A NEW HOTEL.

The newest London "home from home" is the Hans Crescent Hotel, situated in a locality made famous by a score of notabilities. Hans Crescent, Hans Place, Sloane Square, Sloane Street, Sloane Terrace, are all named after Sir Hans Sloane, President of the Royal College of Physicians, who purchased the Manor of Chelsea from Lord Cheyne,



THE HANS CRESCENT HOTEL.

whose name survives in Cheyne Walk. Jane Austen lived for a time in Hans Place, and so did Shelley for a brief period in 1814. When he was at school at Dulwich, Lord Byron used to spend Saturday to Monday at his mother's house in Sloane Terrace, and Dean Swift had a room in Church Lane near by, for which he paid six shillings a-week. And in Sloane Street the youngest branch of the Beerbohm Tree was born a few days ago. In this memoried and aristocratic locality, the Hans Crescent Hotel Company, with the Earl of March and Kinrara for its chairman, has erected a fine building of five stories in the Queen Anne style. The warmth of red brick invites you to enter (as Autolycus might say) up a broad flight of black-and-white marble steps, through a massive porch in the classic style, into the loggia and entrance-hall. The greater part of the heavier decorations are in old oak, some fine specimens of which are in the entrance-hall and staircase. The drawing-room is of the time of Louis Seizième, the walls being panelled with reproductions of the brilliant brocade of that period. (*Brocade!* I never see the word without thinking of Mr. Austin Dobson with gratitude.) The dining-room is practically designed as a facsimile of an old baronial banquetting-hall: oak is so predominant here that one may imagine oneself away back in Cedric the Saxon's time—if one's imagination is strong enough. But imagine never so hard, you cannot get away from modernity, for off the



A TYPICAL INTERIOR OF THE HOTEL.

Photo by Bedford Lemere and Co.

dining-hall is a palmery and winter-garden (Cedric knew not of these), where a string orchestra "maken melodie" during the dinner-hour (or hours). The Hans Crescent Hotel is luxurious, but the tariff is comparatively moderate. The hotel is illumined by electric light.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The Laureate is facing the fact that he is the servant of the nation, and that the nation has little unity in its poetical taste. He may share his personal æsthetic pleasures with a select few, but he knows that the Great Heart of the Public does not care a jot for the conscience-struggles of a Winekelmann, tempted by such remote and chilly things as marbles, intaglios, and gems. He is resolved to be the mouthpiece of the many, the echo of their heart. And so we have this simple appeal to the primitive instinct of love of country, in "Praise of England"—

If you would put it to the proof,
Then round the zodiac roam;
But never will you find the roof
To match an English home.
You hear the sound of children's feet
Still pattering on the stair;
'Tis made by loving labour sweet,
And sanctified by prayer.

Will the British workman accept this as a hymn for his fireside, or has his home circle been spoilt by literary education at the Board School, grown a little too fastidious, and learnt to distinguish the maudlin from the pathetic? It is an amiable mistake on the part of the Laureate to wish to include what will appeal to the meanest intelligence, but it causes misapprehension, and in future the patriotic and domestic songs in this strain should be printed separately. Some of the societies for the promotion of perfectly harmless literature might give him a hint as to the popular styles of binding, &c., and might even find out for him where such things circulate and are blessed. We have come to expect a Laureate to be courtly. Mr. Austin is not, but this from no want of excellent intentions. "How Florence Rings her Bells" is a masterpiece of *gaucherie*. The bells of Florence rang out very naturally when our Queen entered the city in 1893. To a poet desperate for the subject of a complimentary poem the incident was welcome. But for such an event mere literal treatment did not seem good enough, and so he turned up his encyclopædia and opened it at "Bells" and "Florence." There, presumably, he found that the two words had been juxtaposed on another occasion, when Charles flourished his trumpets before the city in 1494, and the city's bells rang out in defiance of the Teuton. There was not the remotest likeness between the incidents: not even the effect of a bold contrast—as well contrast the mood and a meadow. But there was a flavour of erudition about it; the occasion was desperate; and so "How Florence Rings her Bells" remains a perfectly unique specimen of a courtier and a poet at bay, but still courageous. "Tomfoolery rather than surrender!" is his cry.

After the Laureate's book it is a pleasure to descend to more minor poetry. I can promise many delights, and at least some new ones, to whosoever will borrow or buy Mr. Churton Collins's treasury of it published by Mr. E. Arnold. But, at the same time, of every two readers one at least is bound to be a critic. Mr. Collins's catholicity and good nature, which are astounding, have laid him open to many attacks. There are startling proofs that Mr. Collins has fixed the line of exclusion too low. But over and against that we must put many merits, first his own special contributions, not all drawn from obscure books of poetry, but here by virtue of his watchful readiness to catch the poetical note even in most unlikely places. There are some lines of considerable power, for instance, picked from Sir Alexander Morrison's "Lectures on Insanity," written by a patient suffering from monomania. Tombstones also have supplied some worthy pieces. Here are some exquisite lines he found over a child's grave—

No weary way was thine, no arduous fight,
And but an hour on earth, of labour light,
With hire for all the day.

And in Balls Pond Cemetery he found traces of another unknown but genuine poet—

Oh, thou wert gentle, true, ethereal, and how dear,
A song-fulfilling lark that soared with what pure might
To Heaven—yet built so low her nest, earth wets it with her tear.

And—

She'll rise a Star that fell a Flower,

is another gem from his epitaph collection. But Mr. Collins has very wisely taken for granted that we are not over-familiar with even all the beauties of poets who have reached the second pinnacle of fame. Crashaw's name is honoured, but how few know his "Saint Teresa," "O thou undaunted daughter of desires!" And can we be too often reminded of Wyatt's "Forget not yet," of Sidney's "Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust," of Procter's "Touch us gently, Time!" or of Ebenezer Elliot's "O shoreless deep, where no wind blows"? No living poets have been culled from, the difficulties being obvious; but the book is, of course, the poorer.

Mr. Collins has an admirable passage in his Introduction on the value of the study of minor poetry for the philosopher and the historian of the mind—

It is [he says] in the minor poetry of an age that contemporary life impresses itself most deeply, and finds perhaps its most faithful mirror. . . . Is the pulse of the nation quickened or depressed? Are imagination and passion, or fancy and sentiment, or reason and reflection in the ascendant? Is the prevailing tendency in the direction of simplicity and nature, or towards ingenuity and art? . . . Is the period a period of progress, or of decadence, or of transition? The answer to all this may be found, and found in detail, in our collections of minor poetry.

It is not often its writers get their due so generously as from Mr. Collins.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FADS AND FASHIONS.

One of our little fashionable fads at the moment is dressing to a Period, and whether that honoured era be early Victorian, Empire, Directoire, or what not, it is now symbolised to a hair's-breadth by the really modish dressmaker, who takes pride in the accuracy of her reproductions. Here, for instance, are two styles very much in favour at the moment, which are amended up to date, but are still distinctive enough of their different times. One is a dinner-dress of oyster-white satin, with a handsome Louis Quinze design in pale-pink satin appliqué trimming a panel at the left side. Embroidery of fine gold cord, imitating the pattern of some old Venetian point, is the feature of this frock, and looks very handsome on its pink satin background. At the other side of skirt this same design appears in different colours—black mousseline-de-soie, to wit, with the lace pattern in gold thread as before. Some may think this harlequin treatment of the skirt rather bizarre; but it is very splendid in the original, and is, furthermore, "correct," a *sine qua non* just now with the historical costume. Gathers of lace laid on in

One peep into futurity I have been vouchsafed from high quarters, and that, after the usual manner of prophecy, was discouraging. It appears that shaded velvets, employing two and three colours together, are a forthcoming fact—so much so that one big West-End dressmaker has bought up every available yard, so as to secure a monopoly, as far as it is possible. This, however, Madame — tells me, will not be shown "just yet," in which, I have no doubt, she shows considerable astuteness. Personally, I think shaded velvet and silk one of the overrated quantities of fashion. They look gorgeous, as materials, to begin with, in the piece, but are rarely impressive, much less becoming, when made up into garments. You want so much of them to get an effect that it always seems to me as if a theatre-curtain, or yacht-sails, or some equally expansive situation, offered the only proper and suitable opportunity.

Reverting to the Drawing-Rooms, which will be more than ever rallying-points of loyalty in this memorable year, I have seen a frock which is to figure at the first, and which will be one of the most seasonable, if not the smartest besides, at this month's ceremonial. The train, of pale pistachio-green velvet, in a fine quality, which reflects the



DIRECTOIRE OF GREEN AND WHITE SATIN.



WHITE GAUZE FOR NINA'S FIRST BALL.



WHITE SATIN LOUIS QUINZE STYLE.

quilles down the back seams vastly increase the important appearance of this skirt, and a square-cut bodice, with white satin corselet open in front, is overlaid with real lace, and trimmed at the border with embroideries of pink and gold, matching those on side-panel. Epaulettes, which are an invariable feature with dresses of this period, appear at the shoulder, and are made of black velvet, fastened with diamond and miniature buttons. A black velvet waistband keeps them company, and sleeves of lace arranged flounce fashion complete this notable costume à la Louis Quinze.

Already people are thinking of their Drawing gowns, and dressmakers are besieged by anticipatory country cousins demanding news of the last enticements of Fashion, when, as a matter of fact, there is mighty little to tell. Beyond the matter of composing a few eccentricities just to keep feminine curiosity at its usual stretching point, French fashion-makers are not declaring themselves decisively, and what will and will not be is at the moment wrapped in mystery as impenetrable as one of our own conservative and unconscionable Metropolitan fogs. Very properly, too, no doubt. If we all knew in February what we will wear three months later, the mode would lose its piquancy by the time it had arrived. Be we never so fashionable, however, there is no chance of flaunting our possessions in these dim days of the early year, and so we who cannot flit South or East, according to Cook's tickets, are perforce obliged to march in sables or dyed rabbit-skins, as befits the pecuniary possibilities of our purses.

tint as no cheaper fabric could; is lined with a light lemon-yellow brocade and bordered by tightly curled ostrich-feather tips in a green to match the velvet. The petticoat, of palest green satin, a shade lighter than that of train, is embroidered with white chenille and pearls in a large conventional design, which covers front panel entirely, and is repeated on bodice with quite admirable results. Another Presentation-gown is of white velvet throughout—train, petticoat, and bodice, the first-named adjunct being lined with orange satin of a very deep, warm tone, and bordered with sable. I cannot realise a more perfect gown than this, the addition of a slight touch of orange intermixed with lace and sable tails on bodice giving it a final touch of perfection. While still on the subject of ball- and dinner-dresses, I must add up the component parts of another illustration figuring in these pages. Again, it is a Period dress, but in different case from the first, this latter being a reminiscence of the Directoire time, admirably carried out too, with its stripes and high rolled collar and quaint little jacket. A green-and-white moiré is the material, with narrow spotted stripes. In front the narrow apron of rich white satin is covered by a white accordion-pleated mousseline-de-soie, the end edged by a few lines of narrow black velvet. The corsage, built jockey fashion, tight at back, is very uncommon, being cut *décolletée* behind, with a drawn chemisette of white mousseline-de-soie surmounted by the turn-over collar of striped silk; a black moiré waistband and puffy sleeves of mousseline, frilled and edged with black bébé velvet, bear out the character of dress with its loosely draped fichu.

I am glad that in view of a recent hubbub concerning the unpleasantness of being buried alive, the doctors have definitely agreed it to be practically impossible in any civilised community. We have been hearing such shuddering tales on the subject recently that it is consoling to be authoritatively assured the chances of undergoing this durance vile practically reduced to impossibility, with the exception of rare instances of cataleptic hysteria. That such cases do exist is not a consoling reflection, at the same time, but one may take comfort in remembering the existence of the radiograph, which will help our sorrowing relatives to determine that we are really embarked *en route* for—let us hope, *not* Hades. As all the world knows—or, at least, the scientific section thereof—at the moment there is a girl asleep in a village within two hours of Paris who has never even moved in her trance for thirteen years, one Marguerite Boyenval, who since May 1883 has lain, like Marie Corelli's heroine, hanging between two worlds in a deathly trance, which is still not death. Such examples, while adorning a tale, also point their moral, for one indeed hears, and identifies if so minded, these interesting cases, but that they remain *above* ground proves the argument advanced by modern medicos as to the impossibility of premature burial under the most ordinary conditions of our well-regulated to-day.

Turning to more cheery topics of the immediate moment, I find that the snowy visitation, which is an unmixed evil on London pavements, has been hailed with acclamation in other regions, where, in its whitely falling train, comes not our own familiar slush, but crisp and cheerful sport. At Davos Platz, for instance, as at other inhabited haunts on the Upper Engadine, this last descent of North Pole powder means fresh zest for tobogganers, and a purification of the aerial regions generally besides, greatly in favour of the chest patients who seek an extended term of this life from partial residence in high places. The world's tobogganing record was broken last week by Herr Allemann, who, on a Swiss coaster of his own make, did the Kloster's run in less than five and a-half minutes, a feat which those who know the ground will acknowledge as being tidily paced. "You should have heard," writes a faithful correspondent, "the yells of approval echoing over our mountain fastnesses when the deed was declared." One of the smartest costumes at the Belvedere fancy ball in this same region was Lady Wood's "Pierrette," which I see labelled in my letter as "excessively dainty"; and quite the most original, I should say, must have been the tall "Swiss Clock," with pendulums, weights, and cuckoo all correct. Then the "Bachelors' hop on the 24th was, according to a gushing girl friend, "inexpressively delightful"; while that more stately function provided by the "Chaperons," which came off just three days ago, may be said to have practically and gloriously finished the Davos dancing season. Many will remain on, however, until the snows begin to melt in good earnest, about a month from now actually, when Switzerland resolves itself generally into a capacious mud-pie, from which it is wisdom to disappear until the flower-crowned fields of mid-April beckon back mountain-climbing contingents to fields of azure and yellow, with their miles of starry narcissus besides to throw up the vivid colouring of daffodil, cowslip, and blue gentian.

The smart thing at the moment as a palliative—or should one say extra enchantment?—of the country house is not a billiard-room, or a croquet-lawn, or even the cushioned conservatory of the lady novelist, with arm-chairs in seductive propinquity, but an armoury, or, more correctly, a fencing-room—fascinating but fatal addition, I should say, though in high esteem with the chaperons, and, therefore, a consummation to be devoutly avoided of bachelors as leading, no doubt, to others. Here, for example, is the ideal place for exercising the muscles and killing time on an evil day, when Jack Frost is abroad and no hunting possible. But what an opportunity, too, for graceful attitudes and weaving of spells generally on the part of lovely woman, who with or without the foils is certain to be very deadly in the fencing-room! Decidedly, this latest invention on peaceful, placid country ways is the attractive result of deep-laid schemes, and were I a mother of daughters—which the Fates having regard to other things have spared me—I should decide to accept on their behalf those country-house assemblings which include a fencing-room in their list of possibilities.

The very last fashionable arrival in town is a Russian cigarette of exquisite flavour and unimpeachable ingredients, well known to fame in St. Petersburg clubs and boudoirs, but, so far, an undreamed of and undiscovered quantity in town. Everything and everybody worth knowing is sooner or later known, however, in London, as that best of judges, the late Mr. Washington Hibbert, used to say, and so the "Trowski" cigarette is now domiciled in that smart afternoon rendezvous of smart people, The Bungalow, in Conduit Street, where, for a modest seven-and-sixpence, one may obtain a hundred happy *quart d'heures*, which is, I suppose, the approximate lifetime of a cigarette. Seriously, the "Trowski" cigarettes are a very serious benefit to judges of the weed in perfection. "And when I think of the time spent in smoking other stuff—," remarked one plaintive connoisseur to a friend. "Yes?" answered the other, safely and sympathetically and interrogatively, "you—?" "Well, I go and buy another box," affirmed the first, which really seemed a very conclusive opinion. Either for ladies' use or mere man's, it should be added, the "Trowski" is equally soul-satisfying.

I always think it a clean, comforting, and pleasant fashion to keep lace curtains going in every room the whole year through, as well as those warmly lined draperies specially appropriate to winter. It may be an extravagant fashion, as some suggest, but on such a small scale after all that the cost of cleaning (for nobody should surrender her lace curtains to be curry-combed by laundresses) is trifling as compared with other expenditures that give less effect. But whether it was the recent descent of snow lying white on window-sill and the grass of London

squares, the Metropolitan window-curtains have, in general, been looking uncommonly grimy for the past week or two during one's walks abroad. Another matter of indoor surroundings which takes on a tired and overworked look at this season of soots is the glazed chintz couch- or chair-cover, which is, moreover, uncomfortably cold to the touch, and apt to resolve itself into millions of wrinkles on the slightest contact. The careful woman who would enwrap her brocades and brocatelles, yet wishes her drawing-room to look at once neat and cosy, should preferably outfit her belongings in some of the new velvet-faced cretonnes, which are now made in endlessly charming combinations of colour. Whether in dark, light, or medium tones, they present most attractive exterior, and are frequently more effective than the silks and velvets which they cover. I went with a newly married friend to Graham and Banks', of Oxford Street, this week, and there we had a right royal rummage among hundreds of conflicting and bewilderingly pretty designs. A huge conventional poppy in various shades of old pink, with bronze-green foliage and a well-covered background of blue-grey, looked decorative, and, further, possessed the virtue of not being a soilaible mixture. The same design in delicious greens and browns was a very woodland of spring tones. Yellow orchids, with tender green trails of foliage on an ivory background, we jointly chose for the drawing-room. An old French pattern, with medallions in pale blue and wreaths of pink rosebuds, will figure freshly in two bedrooms. Here, also, are other new cretonnes, that imitate old brocade most successfully, both in tone and texture, being sold at eightpence the yard, one of which in dull rose-pink, with ragged chrysanthemums in various cadences of soft colour, was chosen for the boudoir, which should indeed be a room to sigh for when clothed in its harmonious draperies. Some quite lovely washing cretonnes of Louis Quinze and Quatorze patterns, with the old buff background against flower garlands and blue ribbon knots and streamers, are being sold at Graham and Banks' for ninepence the yard.

Among many legends that one believes in without knowing why, except that they are probably not worth the trouble of arguing over, is that about the bouillabaisse, famous to Marseilles, which everyone will tell you can be had nowhere in its pristine and many-flavoured perfection outside that ancient port. Nor was it that I was really sceptical of its exclusive excellence when I enjoined a friend who was lately passing through on his way Corsicawards to get me the recipe, if bribery and corruption could do it. On the contrary, I have approvingly eaten bouillabaisse in Marseilles, but have also partaken of it at my ain fireside, and found no appreciable difference, the most respectable tradition notwithstanding. Now that I have received the veritable document indirectly from the culinary potentate who is most noted for his mess, I am, however, justly elated to find that, even in the matter of olive-oil, usually flouted by the Saxon cook, our recipes agree. Here followeth, then, the sum of that one and only bouillabaisse of popular superstition. Two or three whittings, two or three red mullets, a small live lobster (poor lobster!), and a good-sized gurnet. Clean and cut up all, lobster included, into a shallow, wide saucapan, pour a liberal wineglassful of olive-oil, a tablespoonful of minced onions, a morsel of garlic, and a bay-leaf. The onions should have been first fried for a moment in butter. Add a sliced lemon, half a tomato, a pinch of powdered saffron, a wineglassful of white wine. Then place the fish morsels over all and add water until the dish is well covered. Set on a brisk fire; boil a quarter of an hour. Then add a spoonful of shredded parsley and boil again, not more than a minute. Line a hollow dish with sliced bread, pour the stock over it until saturated. Lastly, arrange the best pieces of fish on the soaked bread and pour on remainder of stock, having first thrown away the slices of lemon, garlic, clove, bay-leaf. An excellent dish this, which is a favourite mainstay in frugal Lent to pious Catholics abroad, as well as being a very toothsome accompaniment to the ordinary Marseilles dinner-table.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NINA (Colchester).—(1) I have had specially designed a very dainty little frock for your first ball, which should answer all anticipations if well turned out in the following form. White embroidered gauze over a thin white taffetas, the floral pattern, worked in white silk, being sprays of lily-of-the-valley. Three rows of these pretty blossoms are embroidered round the edge of skirt, each garland being about four inches apart. The bodice, cut low and round, is of plain white silk gauze, made in four puffs placed crosswise, narrow trails of white velvet violets appearing between each *bouillonnée* and outlining the *décolletage* as well. A folded waistband of white moiré ribbon, with long ends tied at one side, gives a pretty girlish air. Small balloons of white gauze, edged with flounces of gathered mousseline-de-soie, account for the sleeves, which are further trimmed with narrow wreaths of violets. (2) Your silk stockings and gloves get from Charles Lee, of Wigmore Street. His are always so well shaped.

EX ROUTE.—(1) I really know very little of it, having only passed through and stayed two nights at the Reichshof, which was quite comfortable. It is near the Embassy, so may suit you, on your brother's account, until you get settled. (2) There are very good roads for bicycling, and I should certainly advise a Humber. They are stronger and of infinitely superior make to the German machines all round. (3) You will find the "Maggi" bouillon invaluable when travelling. Boil up your lamp, infuse a tube, and you have a cup of capital soup in two minutes. Cosenza, of Wigmore Street, is the only accredited agent.

MATERFAMILIAS (Calais).—(1) Have you ever sent gloves to Paris? As there are so many of you, I should think it would pay. Gagnant, 14, Rue Marbeuf, does all lengths at 20 c. a pair, and does them well. We have the jam-pot hat over here, but it has only just appeared. I have seen one trimmed with a "curtain" of green velvet and an edge of violets, with white and black ospreys, which looked adorable in the hand, but deadly on the head. I think it a most unbecoming shape. (2) Have you ever heard of Kalkene? It is a veritable beauty-restorer to bicycles, and does away with all labour in the polishing process. It is new and may not be available across Channel, but your chemist would procure it.

SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Feb. 10.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Although market expectations were in favour of a reduction in the Bank Rate on Thursday last, the directors of the Bank of England, with the full knowledge of the monetary position before them, did not recognise the expediency of making any alteration in the rate. It is, however, felt that a reduction cannot be postponed much longer. There was no particular feature in the Bank Return. The influx of bullion from the country has increased the stock by £695,000. Notes in circulation have decreased by £130,000, resulting in a gain to the Reserve of £825,000. Public deposits have increased by £1,147,000, attributable to tax-money receipts. The "Other Deposits" have been reduced by £805,000, while "Other Securities" have increased by £493,000. The ratio of Reserve to Liabilities is 53½ per cent., or 1¼ higher.

HOME RAILWAY RESULTS.

The Home Railway dividends for the half-year last ended are a perplexing study. There does not appear to be any definite basis on which to appraise them. The Brighton and Sheffield results, which were the first of any importance to be made public, were disappointing. Immediately there followed the Great Eastern and South-Eastern, which were very gratifying. And so the see-saw has gone on. Our own impression is that, when the series of results is before us, we shall find that the apparent eccentricities are attributable to different policies as to the charging of expenditure to capital or revenue. The companies have been passing through a period of lean years. Some of them have sought to counteract the leanness by curtailing expenditure; others have pursued the even tenour of their way, regardless of such temporary vicissitudes. The former policy requires to be counteracted in its turn, now that earnings are better; hence the few disappointing dividends. The latter enables the dividend announcements to be made with some apparent relation to what might be expected from the traffic-increases recorded. The Hull and Barnsley distribution was far better than any of us expected, and had it come on any other day would have put prices up all round. This company's stock may now be considered a reasonably progressive speculative investment.

METROPOLITAN RAILWAY.

Mr. John Bell was able to cheer up the shareholders of the Metropolitan Railway Company by assuring them of a steady though gradual increase of prosperity. It was certainly a remarkable achievement, and one on which Mr. Bell was entitled to take great credit to the company, that during the whole year 1896 there had been carried 90,938,256 passengers without a single mishap attributable to any fault on the part of the company. To us it is very surprising that there are not many deaths from asphyxia. The sequence of recent dividend rates is very satisfactory, seeing that it runs thus: For the first half of 1895, 2½ per cent. per annum; for second half of the same year, 3 per cent.; for the first six months of 1896, 3¼ per cent.; and now, for the six months last ended, 3½ per cent. We are, however, all looking forward with curiosity to the time when electric traction will become a rival in the Metropolitan Railway Company's field of operation.

WESTRALIA

The Australian Market has been fairly good during the week, although public support, except in the case of a few specialities, has been very limited. By degrees the true position of the gold discoveries in West Australia is beginning to be recognised, and the mines with good prospects are getting sorted out from those which are doomed to

prove failures. The evenness and regularity of the Rand led many people to think that the same sort of thing might be expected in Westralia, but now we know better by bitter experience. Because the Bonanza adjoined the Robinson and Crown Reefs, we were able in this paper to tell our readers a year before the shaft cut the reef that the mine was a certain success, but because you own twenty-four acres between the Great Boulder and the Lake View, it by no means follows that the same thing can be said.

At present a proposition has to be pretty rich to pay, and certainly one-ounce stone is no use if dividends are required at Coolgardie, but in good time this will get altered, economic management, scientific mining, the use of rock-drills and air-compressors, with many other improvements, will enable properties, which can only prove disastrous as things are, to give reasonable profits.

Probably the hopeless incapacity of the average London board of directors, and the still more hopeless ignorance of the Westralian mine managers, have largely contributed to those unfortunate results, which have practically stopped the flow of capital towards Australia during the last few months, and we are glad to hear of a powerful organisation formed here under the name of the "Associated Miners, Limited," under the direction of practical men, which has made arrangements to take the control of such mines as may be confided to its charge for a fee far less than the remuneration usually paid to an incompetent board. Its operations and organisation on the other side will be under the sole direction of Professor William Nicholas—the Hays-Hammond of Western Australia—who will be responsible for reports, works, development, and machinery of every property entrusted to the management of the Associated Miners, Limited, on this side.

Our readers are often asking for cheap mines in which they can speculate, and we hear that the shares of the Gladiators, which can be bought for about 7s., are likely to prove worth picking up. The issued capital is £110,000, of which between £13,000 and £14,000 was available in cash for working. The property is managed by Professor William Nicholas, the machinery is in Coolgardie and will be at work within three months, while 10,000 tons of ore are measured up ready for treatment. The facts are vouched for by a gentleman in whom we have great confidence, and the only danger we can see is that, perhaps, the working capital may prove too small.

KENT COALFIELDS.

According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it is the "gutter ring of financial journalists that has been shrieking out against them." At the risk of inclusion in this opprobrious category, we must say that we feel more than sceptical as to whether the shares are worth £4 10s. They may be the grandest investment that ever was known, or they may turn out an awful fiasco. That is, in effect, what Sir George Russell told the South-Eastern Railway shareholders. And to this he added that "we (the South-Eastern Board) all cordially and heartily wish success to the undertaking, and those who on the spot seem competent to form an opinion entertain a very sanguine estimate of its success. It is almost needless for me to add that every facility which this company can give will be given, because, naturally, it is to our interest to develop so important a new source of traffic."

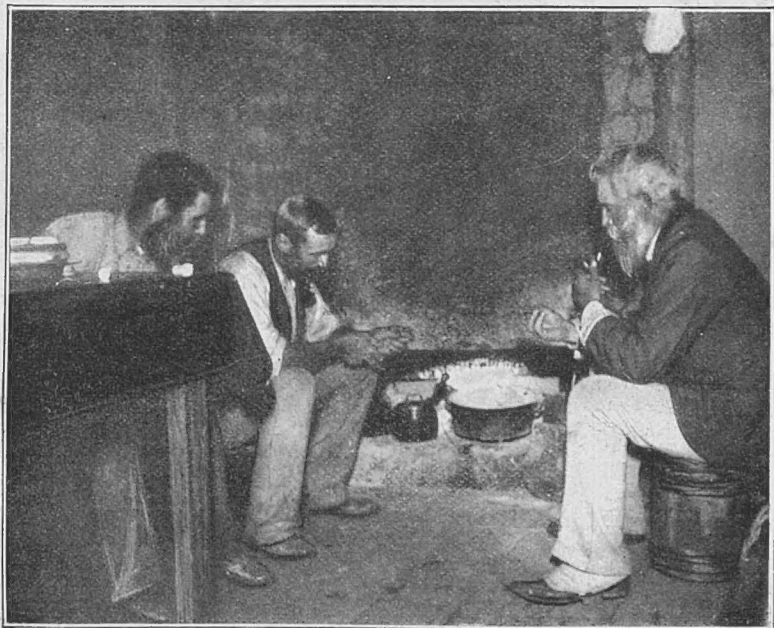
All that is very right and proper, but it has to be observed that there is the most careful abstention from any expression of opinion regarding the prospects of the scheme. To quote again from Sir George Russell's speech, as reported by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "I am not in a position to give any gentlemen present a tip. If he buys the shares of the Kent Coalfield Syndicate at £4 10s., he may make a very handsome profit, or he may make a very heavy loss." Precisely. The writer of these lines will afford every facility to anybody who discovers a coal-mine in the neighbourhood of his garden, so long as (1) the coal must be carried by him through his garden at a remunerative rate; (2) that his garden is not thereby spoiled; and (3) that it is clearly understood that he disclaims all responsibility for the belief that the people who undertake the risk will get a proportionate return on their money, or, in fact, any return at all. Why our usually wise contemporary, the *Pall Mall*, should do its best to bolster up this bubble we are at a loss to understand. Let the City Editor examine the list of seams struck in the bores, and ask any expert friend if profit can be made out of coal at that depth and of that thickness—or rather, thinness—and we wager he will be laughed at.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF AUSTRALIA.

From a telegraphic announcement to hand from Melbourne, it would appear that the anticipations held out by the scheme of arrangement carried into effect last year in connection with this bank have been realised. It is proposed to pay a dividend at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum for the half-year on the preference shares, to place £20,000 to an Assets Trust Special reserve account, and to carry forward the sum of £5940 to next account. After making the necessary allowance for the saving of interest under the new scheme, the bank has done better by, roughly speaking, £20,000 for the half-year. This result is highly satisfactory, and would point to an improvement having set in at last in the condition of business in Australasia generally.

STOCK EXCHANGE VALUES.

The aggregate monthly variation in the values of the 325 securities dealt with in the table compiled by the *Banker's Magazine* discloses an increase of £26,515,000 as compared with the previous month. This is a very good beginning for the New Year, and, as there is every prospect of a continuance of cheap money, doubtless there will be a further



PROFESSOR NICHOLAS AND THE MANAGER OF THE GLADIATORS.

appreciation in investment securities. The heaviest gains during the past month took place in British Funds, Foreign Government securities, and English Railway Ordinary stocks. British Funds exhibited a rise of £16,159,000, or 1·8 per cent., while Home Railways, in view of dividend prospects, gained as much as £5,757,000 on Ordinary stocks, being 1·7 per cent. Indian Railways make a weak spot in the list, having a decrease of £824,000 in the seven companies dealt with, or 1·1 per cent. There is a heavy falling-off in Canals and Docks, which is almost entirely owing to the decline in Suez Canal shares. The decrease amounts to £2,661,000, or 4·2 per cent. The fluctuation in Mining shares, as might have been expected, is very trifling; but Brewery Companies have been active during the month, showing, as they do, a rise of £578,000, or 4·3 per cent. Attention is drawn to the fact that the present aggregate total value of the whole of the representative securities is just about a hundred millions higher than at the commencement of 1896, while it is about fifty-five millions under the highest point touched during that year.

A TIP TO THE CLERGY.

One of our correspondents, a business-man in the City, has, by some means or other which he does not understand, come to be credited with the distinction of being a parson. The result is amusing, as well as instructive. We are at liberty to publish the name and address, but we are not going to be so foolish as to do so, because we should at once thereby close a valuable source of information regarding the doings of the shady promoter. We shall therefore call the gentleman in question "John Smith." Mr. "Smith" is a member of a City firm, and both he and his partner are interested as shareholders in various companies. It is well known that the wrapper-addressing agencies compile lists of shareholders in joint-stock companies, and use those lists for the purpose of forwarding certain prospectuses to persons who are known to be holders of shares in certain companies.

How does it happen, then, that the "Rev. John Smith" receives by post at his private address so many more prospectuses than does his partner? It is not, we think, difficult to arrive at an explanation. The clergy and the female sex are considered fair game, and the possession of a good list of both is a very valuable asset.

VARIOUS REPORTS.

We note with pleasure the accounts of Price's Patent Candle Company, which must be satisfactory reading for the shareholders, showing a net profit of £83,900 for the year 1896; and no less satisfactory is the balance-sheet of Ely Brothers. Both these concerns have been often recommended as high-class industrial concerns in these columns, and are very good examples of how remunerative properly conducted home industrial companies can be made, if the capital is reasonable and the management conducted on business lines.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SPEECH.

The African Market was, very reasonably, upset by the Colonial Secretary's speech on Friday night, for, although Transvaal politics were known not to be too reassuring, the seriousness of Mr. Chamberlain's remarks emphasises the fact that we are standing near the mouth of a volcano. Should the South African Republic refuse to listen to reason and continue to flout the London Convention, matters might easily come to a crisis. Well do we remember the fall in Egyptian stocks when Alexandria was bombarded, although, of course, every shot ought to have added one point to the price; with the Transvaal, no doubt, the same thing would happen, although here, again, intrinsically the value of every mine on the Rand would be improved 30 per cent. by our annexation of the country.

Next week we shall publish a most interesting letter from our Johannesburg correspondent on the East Rand property, and this will be followed by a general review of the mines along the Main Reef.

THE "INVESTOR'S REVIEW."

The February number of Mr. Wilson's magazine, although containing some interesting matter, is not nearly so interesting as usual. Of course, there is an attack on Mr. Rhodes—no issue of Mr. Wilson's would be complete without it—but the articles on Ireland's newest grievance and Brazilian Railways both deserve reading. For steady-going investors the notes on Indian tea prospects and the Baltimore and Ohio Railway will prove of interest. We commend "John's" notes on new issues to those of our readers who may have subscribed for anything brought out since the end of the old year; they are full of common sense.

NEW ISSUES.

The Components Tube Company, Limited, is formed to buy a tube-manufacturing business, at present carried on by the famous Cycle Components Manufacturing Company. The prospectus is rather bald, but the right people to make this kind of business pay are concerned in the new venture. We believe the shares will prove remunerative.

The New Jointless Rim, Limited, invites subscriptions on the strength of profits, said to have been £15,880, for the year ending August 1896, and £7176 during the four months ending December last. We like the rims better than the shares. Whoever is responsible for the circulation of the prospectus should really have eliminated duplicates before sending them out. Nine of these documents have been delivered at one private address.

The Gold-Fields of British Columbia, Limited, with a gigantic capital of £600,000, does not impress us favourably. The board is not the sort of thing we like for the work. The vendor syndicate, which has fixed the purchase price at £400,000, was registered in August last, with a capital of £12,000, and we should be pleased to know at what price it acquired the various properties now retailed.

King, Howmann, and Co., Limited, is formed to develop a yeast-manufacturing and distillery business at Derby. The profits do not seem satisfactory, and too much is wanted for goodwill.

Whiting and Mathews, Limited, is another yeast business, or rather, an

amalgamation of yeast-dealers. What has started this "yeast boom" we don't know, but we strongly advise our readers to avoid this sort of thing, and, when they see the word "Yeast" on a prospectus, to button up their pockets very tightly.

Saturday, Jan. 30, 1897.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on financial subjects must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. S. K.—We answered your letter on Jan. 26. Perhaps we were unduly pessimistic as to Hampton Plains, which at present price appear cheap.

BENCHER.—We think you would be wise to act as you suggest, and you would considerably increase your income. (a) Yes, if you can see your way to reinvestment of the money. (b) There should be no difficulty about reinvesting your money with safety to give you 4 per cent., or even 4½. (c) Have nothing to do with the bank, which is a bill of sale money-lending concern. We shall be happy to give you a list of investments over which you can safely spread your money to give you the income you desire.

DISGUSTED.—We have given you all the information obtainable at Somerset House as to this Tetuan Company, and, as the Official Receiver cannot help you, we are unable to do more. Consult a solicitor who is well versed in company law, and tell him the facts we have found out for you. Perhaps he will suggest a legal remedy, but we know of none, monstrous as it may seem to say so.

W. J. W.—(1) The buyer is entitled to the dividend under the circumstances you give, unless the bargain is made after the close of the Account during which the dividend is declared. This is the universal rule. (2) No, have nothing to do with the paper, the people connected with it, or the securities it recommends. This is true of all the gutter-rags sent gratis to you. They are mere bucket-shop touting circulars. (3) Many correspondents have found them unsatisfactory. They pay when they lose, but sometimes by instalments. One correspondent got £800 by weekly sums of £50 because they could not pay "on the nail," and had it not been for a solicitor he employed, he would be out of his money now. (4) Very much depends on whether you want reasonable investments or speculations. If the former, we see no reason to change. No. 2 we know little about; all the rest are very good.

CUMBRIA.—We have no information, and inquiries in the market have failed to enlighten us.

W. A. M. (New Zealand).—Your letter has been handed over to the writer of "Society on Wheels." We believe the new departure to be all rubbish.

AVON.—(1) See our "Notes" for the last two or three weeks on Investment Stocks. The Turkish 1855 loan should suit you. (2) We hear Victory (Charters Towers) are worth buying. You will have to pay for them, but, as the price is about 6s., you can get a good lot for your £100.

W. E. E. R.—(1) Unless these promotion companies amalgamated or reshuffled the cards somehow, how could they get up any excitement in the shares? Surely you are not green enough to think the shuffle has anything to do with the advantage of the shareholders! Has anybody ever got any real advantage out of all Barney's reconstructions, amalgamations, and suchlike amusements? The object of the whole game is, of course, market manipulation. (2) We do not know any reason. Don't buy unless you are already in. There are strong people behind it. (3) We hear very favourable accounts of Paddington Consols.

GULL.—As you have paid we cannot help you. Let the cases mentioned in your letter be a warning to you not to follow the tips you get out of the gutter-rags which are paid to insert vile puffs. The Wicks Company's address is Eagle Bott, Esq., 28, Victoria Street, S.W.

EOTHEN.—All your investments are good industrial risks except Nos. 2 and 6. No. 2 is a poor affair, but we should be inclined to hold, while, as to No. 6, we know little, except that the profits get less and less every year. The people you name are outside brokers of whom we know nothing.

ALEC.—You might buy, but it is a speculation. As to the story you tell, we don't believe a word of it. The gentleman who is supposed to have bought is in Africa, and, as you say, the purchase of any such quantity of shares would have put the price up, not down.

ANCIENT DRUID.—We have read the prospectus and reports and posted them back to you. The board is a first-rate one, and everything about the concern looks respectable; but, somehow, we don't like the prospectus. The debentures should be quite safe.

SCPTIC.—We have read your letter and enclosures, but really cannot find room to discuss abstract questions in this column. Anybody who subscribes to the shop concern must be a fool. As to Dover A, there are many worse purchases made every day. You are right about not dealing with these outside brokers.

R. F. C.—We answered your letter on Jan. 29.

J. J. G.—You may buy any of the things you name, with a fair prospect of a profit, on any general revival in mining. We prefer 3, 2, and 4, in the order named.

OMEGA.—The people are touts of the baser sort; have no dealings with them. DON.—The mine may be all right. We have no special information, but the other concerns which come from the same stable, and with which "E. W. D." is connected, do not inspire us with confidence.

REV. A. B.—We would not touch the mine you mention. The report of Professor William Nicholas quoted in the circular is quite enough. When a mining expert is obliged to write vague geological surmises about Serpentine and Diorite, we should "take tea" elsewhere. It is not quoted in the various lists because there is next to no market. If you want a gamble, we suggest Victory (Charters Towers) and Gladiators.

NORRIS.—Very sorry you don't like our political views about things African, but you need not abuse us because we don't see eye to eye with you.